

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI.
1860

3rd
EVERY
THURSDAY

**THREE
MEN ON
A RAFT**
By the EDITOR

**GENERAL
DE GAULLE'S
POST
BAG**

**HITLER
FEARS
OUR
UNITY**
by A.G.G.

**SHIFTING
GREAT GUNS
IS MARGARET'S
WAR WORK—**
*but she still keeps
house for Dad*

PROBABLY the youngest woman crane-driver in the country is 20-year-old Margaret Stephenson who works in a north-western war factory. This pretty brunette, from the cab of her crane high above the heads of the other workers, picks up huge gun barrels as though they were matchsticks and places them precisely where they are needed. "It's a good job and I enjoy it," she says, "and I'm not too tired after my 8-hour shift to cook and clean at home."



Margaret's father works in the same factory as she does. She keeps house for him and even does all the washing herself. "It doesn't take long if you use the Rinso method as I do," she says. "I don't boil the things—not even our dirty overalls. I find that soaking the things for 12 minutes in Rinso gets them beautifully clean. You don't need boiling water—just the hot from the tap."

Ironing is one of Margaret's accomplishments—she gets up Dad's shirts a treat. When she washes them, if they're very dirty at the cuffs and neck, she smooths in a little dry Rinso

before giving them the 12-minute soak. It shifts the dirt without hard rubbing. "Lots of other women in the factory run their homes as well," says Margaret. "It's not hard if you've got a bit of method. And we've all got to buckle to if we want to beat the Germans, haven't we?"

2507-414-65



R. S. Hudson Limited

Interview with Sir Henry Price.

Rational Tailoring *and* Coupon Value



Interviewer: *How are the Fifty Shilling Tailors dealing with the coupon problem, Sir Henry?*

Sir Henry: The coupon problem is no problem to us.

Interviewer: *How is that?*

Sir Henry: Well, you see, we have been doing what the coupon system requires ever since we introduced Rational Tailoring ten years ago. Indeed, I might even go so far as to say that coupon tailoring is really an extension of Rational Tailoring to the whole nation.

Interviewer: *It hadn't struck me that way.*

Sir Henry: You see, under the coupon system, what every man requires is good cloth, plus good tailoring, at the lowest economical price. And that is exactly what our organisation is trained to do. We don't need to evolve new methods to meet an emergency. Our methods have been tried and tested to the satisfaction of millions of customers. We know how to make a good suit at the lowest economic price. That is why I say with confidence that Rational Tailoring offers the best coupon value in tailoring today.

Take your clothing coupons to—
The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

OVER 350 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES & TOWNS

MORE FOODS ON POINT RATIONING

The extension of the war to the Far East has made it necessary to include from Monday, January 26th, some additional foods—they are listed below—in the Points Rationing Scheme. This means that they may not be bought without surrendering coupons. In the next Points Rationing four-weekly period, February 9th to March 8th, the points value of your coupons will be increased from 16 to 20. But for the current half-period (until Feb. 9th) it is not practicable to alter the value of those coupons which are still unused.

2 POINTS PER LB.

Whole rice (excluding ground rice and flaked rice and any other rice products).

Sago.

Tapioca.

Imported dried beans (excluding seed beans).

Lentils and split lentils.

Split peas.

Any dry mixture comprised, in whole or in part, of dried peas, beans, lentils, and split lentils and peas.

4 POINTS PER LB.

Imported dried peas (excluding seed peas).

Threshed home-grown peas (hand picked, but excluding seed peas).

8 POINTS PER LB.

All dried fruits including evaporated fruit and dates.

NOTES TO THE TRADE

1. DRIED FRUITS: Retailers, Wholesalers, and Manufacturers, including Bakers and Flour Confectioners who have not already received their full allocation for January, may obtain it without the surrender of Points vouchers.

2. OTHER FOODS ABOVE: From Monday, January 26th, Retailers and Wholesalers will be able to obtain supplies only on the surrender of Points vouchers.

Food Facts No. 80

Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, W.1



Still remembers those times he had a 'Middy'—despite thirty years' weathering at sea. But now he's learnt to rely on his own judgment and to value what he knows to be tried and true. Kolyne, for instance, is one of the good things in life which experience has taught him to swear by. Don't be adrift with your teeth! Use KOLYNOS—keep them sparkling-white and your mouth refreshed.

Toast the GALLANT FORCES by all means



BUT remember that Maldano cocktails are scarce and precious. If you are lucky enough to find a bottle—toast sparingly!

Maldano

READY MIXED
cocktails

Lack of essential vitamins in war-time dog-diet is held by many authorities to be the prime cause of hysteria and other deficiency diseases in dogs. BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE makes good this lack—keeps a dog's nerves steady and promotes all-round A1 condition—whatever his breed or age. Used by leading kennels for 106 years. At Chemists and Corn Merchants.

Useful leaflet—"Feeding your Dog in Wartime"—sent free on request to:
BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO., LTD.,
(Dept. P.S.)
26, Copers Road, Bournemouth, Kent.



BENBOW'S

DOG MIXTURE



A PRIME MINISTER WHO WANTED MORE SLEEP

"I hate getting up in the morning and I hate it the same every morning. But one can do everything by habit, and when I have had my seven hours, my habit is to get up."

Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister of Great Britain at various periods between 1834 and 1894

Inserted by the makers of HORTICKS, which helps you to get the healing, restful kind of sleep that completely restores you and puts you among the 1st Group Sleepers—the people who are alert and vigorous from morning till night. The correct way to make HORTICKS has always been to add water only, as milk is one of its ingredients.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get HORTICKS. Our reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

I'VE SEWN
ALL THOSE
BUTTONS ON.
MUMMY—



Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned—what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres—that delicious malty flavour and the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!



GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 7, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"



Straight from the Shoulder

NOW FOR ACTION!

PRODUCTION is booming. Our "gigantic arms output," the Prime Minister assures us, is going up by leaps and bounds. Quite so. But that is not the point of criticism about production. The point is that the steady flow required is capable of a 40 per cent. increase.

Mr. Churchill has side-tracked that issue, even though he has had to set up a Production Ministry to link our armament effort with that of the United States.

Criticism

So criticism continues. From politicians and the Press. Above all, from employers and employees.

Non Co-operation

Mr. David Brown speaks for the engineering employers.

He alleges lack of planning and co-ordination in Whitehall. He complains that his industry is kept below par because it is being tugged in different directions by different Ministries.

Idle Machines

Another cause is admitted by the managing director of a great Coventry firm. Machines are standing idle, he reports.

Dozens of precision tools in Coventry alone work only a few hours a day or not at all. Rare American machine tools, delivered weeks ago, are not yet assembled.

He advocates a ruthless Spring-cleaning of inefficient managements.

Sound Robin

What do the workers say? Two hundred employees of an aircraft factory called a meeting the other day. A resolution was carried asking JOHN BULL's aid in ending the slackness, waste and incompetent management that prevent them from getting on with their jobs.

A Canadian sends an almost desperate appeal for a JOHN BULL investigator to inspect the idle shell-making machines in his factory.

Going Rusty

From another workshop comes a report that twelve power-presses have not been engaged for more than an hour a day during a whole year.

"It gets the workers' backs up," says our informant—and we're not surprised.

Paid for Nothing

An ex-soldier was engaged in a war factory for five weeks. Scores of machines were idle, yet he was paid £4 18s. a week for walking about and waiting for a job.

Now he has been sent home for two months—"to draw the 'dole' and idle," as he says bitterly.

Scramble for Work

Men and women by the hundred at a great new munitions factory have waited six weeks for work to come in.

Dockyard drillers nearly come to blows in the scramble for a job that will enable them to keep their self-respect.

Such are some of the complaints sent to JOHN BULL in a single week.

This Year—or Next!

The public is hardly likely to be mollified, therefore, by cheery official forecasts about the immensity of our production next year.

Enormous though our arms output already is, it is not big enough. It is capable of tremendous and speedy improvement.

And not even the energy of our new production chiefs will quickly close the gaps in our industrial lay-out unless the present system is drastically changed.

Planning and Privilege

There must be clear planning from the top. There must be complete co-ordination not only between London and Washington, but between the great Government offices in London and the provinces.

Bad managements must be replaced, heedless of privilege or vested interest.

When supply hold-ups are unavoidable, workers must be told why. Wherever

possible, they should be switched over temporarily to other work.

Use Those Arms!

And here is something else. British workers will be encouraged to give of their best if they are satisfied that their production is being well used.

Let us be frank. Despite the great vote of confidence given to Mr. Churchill last week, the public mood continues to be impatient and uneasy.

It was not assuaged by his sober oratory or the strangely timed broadcast eulogy of him by Lord Beaverbrook.

Why So Little!

The nation does not understand why our "gigantic" arms output has achieved so little on the battlefield.

It is not satisfied with constant withdrawals and elementary blunders, which, it is hinted, may continue.

Libya

It is hard to imagine why, for all our aid to Russia, we could not send such arms to Libya as would have assured us of smashing and speedy victory.

Not only have we been out-generated by Rommel. We have again committed the fantastic folly of assuming that one Briton should be matched against two Germans and our light tanks ranged against the heavier tanks of the enemy.

Discrepancy

We now know, from Mr. Churchill himself, that we have never deployed more than 45,000 men against Rommel's forces.

A strange revelation! For it was Mr. Churchill who told us last year that we had assembled the mightiest Army ever known in the Middle East.

What has happened to it?

Inferior

We need maintain only garrison forces in Persia, Iraq and Syria. We must reserve a strong force to meet a possible Nazi attack on Turkey.

But that should leave hundreds of thousands of men to spare. And we should have sent not 45,000 but 100,000 perfectly equipped men against Rommel.

For a swift victory would have prevented him from gaining reinforcements, given us control of the Mediterranean and a hold on Italy itself.

Always Outnumbered

It is a poor reward for the valour of our troops that they should always be outnumbered. Rather than deploy small armies in both the Middle and

MISSING THE BOAT

● Urgent orders were given for tanks to be despatched on a convoy about to sail for an overseas battlefield where heavy fighting is in progress.

Men of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps volunteered to work night and day to get the tanks ready.

They did so for a whole week, with only two hours' sleep between the day and night shifts.

Then, rightly, they were given a day's leisure to refresh themselves. Wrongly, they were refused a pass-out to visit their families.

Angered at this poor reward for their magnificent work, some of them left the depot for the day.

They were punished by three to seven days' C.B.

During that time they were not allowed to finish the tanks. They had to waste their time by sweeping paths and even part of the parade ground.

At the end of their punishment, they again applied for passes—to be told that their leave would be withheld for three to six weeks according to their C.B. sentences.

So some of them have again taken french leave. And they will probably become "sea lawyers" and bad soldiers.

Meanwhile, those tanks are still held up.

JOHN BULL suspects that many more hold-ups result from the officious stupidity of Blimps who do not know how to manage decent and willing men.

Near East, we should obviously have struck with all our might on one battlefield.

Rather one success than two failures.

Ships and Empires

The ruling factor, of course, is shipping. But that is a primary point of production that should have been foreseen—it has been stressed in these columns for years.

We built our Empire with ships. We shall lose it without ships. We cannot win this war without many, many more of them.

Will Russia Win!

"I hope it won't be all over before I get into it," said the new recruit.

"Don't worry," answered the recruiting officer, "we'll ask the Russians to ease up a bit."

Jokes like that are going the rounds. They are dangerous.

Autumn Victory!

Due respect to Sir Stafford Cripps for telling us that Stalin hopes to finish off Hitlerism next autumn or winter.

But note that he said *hopes*. We all hope so—but hope is not enough.

We dare not "ease up." We dare not forget that this is a *world* war and that terrific tasks confront all the Allies.

Spring Certainty

Moreover, not all Hitler's armies are freezing in Russia. Our comparative freedom from air raids does not mean that the *Luftwaffe* is broken.

Large forces of his troops are being rested in Germany and Poland—for a Spring offensive. His air fleets are being reformed—for a Spring offensive.

Hard Work

Hence the need for still greater effort. More supplies are needed for Russia, China, and our own Forces.

We can rely on our new production chiefs to work like slaves under the lash. We must hope that their work will result in the provision of full-time work for everyone else, and an end of the muddles that now hamper our war industries.

NOT NEXT YEAR—BUT NOW.

(Continued overleaf)

HEROES ARE STILL CHEAP

● Arthur Samuel Sladen isn't unique. He did no more than thousands of firemen have done. He has been treated no more harshly than many other brave bomb-bearers.

After a Manchester air raid, he presented quite a task for the surgeons.

They had to sew on the toes of his left foot, set his broken right ankle and kneecap, and put more than fifty stitches in his head and left thigh.

So Mr. Sladen is rather lucky to be alive to-day. Or is he?

For a while he received 35s. a week compensation. Now it has been reduced to 17s., and he cannot keep himself and his wife on that.

He cannot lift anything because of his wounds, but Whitehall insists that he is fit for work.

He cannot get unemployment benefit because the U.A.B. say he is unfit for work.

So, presumably, he must either risk permanent injury by getting a job before he is recovered—or starve.

That choice has been offered to other brave men by an ungrateful officialdom.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

PROGRESS! A glimmering of sense can now be seen in Army training. The slow march has been dropped. The ritual of trailing arms has been forgotten for the duration.

So more attention will be paid to training men for combat.

Unfortunately, the time allotted for actual arms instruction is still insufficient.

Tiresome Fatigues

For the time of our fighters-to-be is still wasted on 24-hour guards and cook-house fatigues.

And a man who has been on guard for 24 hours and desperately wants to sleep is hardly in the condition to master the intricacies, say, of the tommy-gun.

It would surely be more sensible to entrust guards and potato-peeling fatigues to the less-fit recruits, and leave the potential front-line fighters free for arms instruction.

Road Safety

Similarly, Army drivers are not taught to drive in convoy. Yet modern warfare largely depends on supplies brought up by motor convoys—and in this respect the Germans are superior to us.

So why not revise the R.A.S.C. system of instruction? And why increase road accidents by making men take Army lorries on the roads after doing a 24-hour guard?

Coals to Newcastle

One other point: Every driver-recruit has to perform twelve hours' simple driving before being passed out.

This test should not be applied equally to men who have never driven before in their lives and to men who have driven public service vehicles for twenty years!

Camera Men

Now take a look at the R.A.F.'s specialist training.

High qualifications are demanded of men who join the photographers' corps—those who maintain the delicate

cameras fitted to 'planes for reconnaissance work and develop the films.

Nearly all are professional photographers. But their qualifications are forgotten the moment they put on suits of light blue.

Drudgery

They all have to pass a three months' course. Two months are spent on elementary matters such as loading a camera with plates.

It surprises us that they aren't instructed how their grandmothers should suck eggs.

Twelve Into One

A.T.S. training seems equally patchy, judging by a centre in the North that has only one typewriter between twelve recruits.

The girls, passed out as shorthand-typists after twelve weeks, are found to be hopelessly slow. So the soldier-clerks they are supposed to replace have to be kept on.

Are They Deaf?

In our opinion, those A.T.S. recruiting appeals on the radio and the hoardings might be more effective if girls already in the Service were known to be satisfied with their conditions.

They are not satisfied. They complain of poor food, bad accommodation, and "bossy" officers.

Are the A.T.S. dowagers deaf to such allegations?

Modern Britain

W.A.A.F.s are no less disgruntled. At one of our biggest aerodromes, for example, there are no baths for the hundreds of girls.

Those who can afford it pay 4d. for a bath in the town. Others with heavy family obligations have to go without.

Matter of Form

If you want to know why we have so many Civil Servants, you can find the answer in the case of a man who, every three months, has to obtain a doctor's

certificate that he still has neither hands nor arms.

Without that certificate, he cannot renew his pension.

As he has been maimed for twenty-two years, you can imagine the unnecessary work that has been provided for unnecessary officials.

Where's the Doctor?

More of those certificates are being invented every month. Yet there are fewer doctors to sign them.

Even junior hospital doctors are now to be called up. We are facing a medical crisis.

It could easily be surmounted. Most Service doctors have little to do; each Service maintains its own hospitals and specialists for occasional cases.

Passive Resistance

Clearly, the Services' medical branches should be pooled. But that would entail co-operation, of course, and Service chiefs are still passively resisting any real co-operation.

Helping the Plague

Shortage of civilian doctors is filling the medical profession with anxiety about the tuberculosis menace, which always increases in war time.

It might be lessened if likely victims were allowed to obtain extra butter and egg rations.

Does the Government care about the White Scourge?

Take Care

The equally acute shortage of dentists is encouraging "dental repair" shops to undertake dental fittings and other work that only qualified men are legally entitled to perform.

The Dental Board should be more vigilant. Our readers, we hope, will also be on their guard against the wiles of untrained and unskilled practitioners.

Scrap of Scandal

Far greater vigilance should be shown by salvage authorities.

Thousands of tons of scrap are being removed from bombed sites in London alone. But the material is not weighed before being loaded into lorries, and much pilfering goes on before the load reaches the dealer.

Often a driver decides at 2.30 that it is too late to deliver his load, and simply takes it home for the night!

Half Time

It seems to us that National Service Officers are equally sleepy.

One of thousands of half-employed workers is a marine-boilermaker who is forced to idle for hours on end.

Yet we still need ships—and that man and others are still denied a transfer to shops where they could do a full week's work.

Chicken-heart

London Transport has a soft-hearted official we don't admire.

On a certain route the last 'bus leaves at 10.35. A local dance ended at 12.30, so the dancers naturally found that they had missed the 'bus.

But the proprietor of the hotel where the dance was held 'phoned a transport official—and a special 'bus was forthcoming.

Would it have appeared for late war-workers?

Any Old Excuse

Some war workers, regularly late for work because an early morning London Transport 'bus is regularly late on a Hertfordshire route, were offered these excuses on three successive days:

Conductress didn't turn up. 'Bus accidentally garaged in the wrong place overnight. Something wrong with the engine.

Every morning brings a new excuse—and more time lost on munitions. Up and down the 'country 'bus services are proving powerful enemies to higher production.

Dry and Hungry

War workers, we are told, will be demoralised if they are provided with "wet" canteens. But breath need not be wasted on discussing that senseless question.

More important, surely, is to agitate for canteens where food, at least, can be obtained.

A year has passed since the official promise that war-workers would not go hungry. But armies of workers are still both dry and hungry.

No Tea

One reader tells us that hundreds of men who work 74 hours a week refitting naval vessels cannot get even a cup of tea at work.

Dear reader, that is almost the rule, not the exception. Why, in many factories where both men and girls are engaged on regular night work the cupboard is equally bare.

Now for Action!

But we see signs that at last the Ministry of Health has come to realise the need for nursery schools for war-workers' children.

No doubt many local authorities will remain apathetic. Fortunately, all of us can help to besmirch them. Give them no peace until they awake!

Exploitation!

Be sure that JOHN BULL will give no peace to the N.A.A.F.I. directors. We accuse them of overcharging their Servicemen customers.

Two examples will suffice.

They charge 8d. for cleaning powder that can be bought elsewhere for 6d. They put a 50 per cent. increase on soft drinks.

No Charity

No doubt they will assure us again that N.A.A.F.I. is a non-profit-making concern, and that therefore the profits on their canteens benefit the customers.

So let us point out first that the profits are handed over to Service charities—not to the men and women in uniform who have provided them.

And the Services would rather have a fair deal than charity.

Short Sight

Owing to the timber shortage, farmers cannot get hurdles for sheep enclosures. If, therefore, it is true that the Forestry Commission is paying £4 an acre for suitable wood to be burned, it will be the craziest example of short sight ever brought to our notice.

Perhaps the Commissioners will explain.

Behind the News

● Typhus danger in Central Europe has been increased by spread of sleepy sickness among underfed industrial workers. Nazis are offering big rewards for cures.

● New worry to German doctors is the escape of whole colony of lepers in eastern Germany. They heard they were to be killed off as "unnecessary"!

● Church services for the dead have been banned by Himmler. Reason—no German must "waste" time.

● Challenging this decree, Cardinal Rôle has banned the swastika flag and dared the Nazis to imprison him. Other Belgian churchmen are following his example.

● Mutiny is common among "crusaders" from occupied countries fighting in Russia. More have been killed by Nazi machine-guns than by Soviet tanks or winter.

● Italy is having to give 10 per cent. of national revenue to Germany for Nazi help in Libya and Sicily.

● At Tokio's request, Hitler's friend, Weidemann, has renewed efforts to patch up peace with China. Though he's offered Jap withdrawal he has been snubbed.

● Nazi pilots captured by Russians show signs of nervous trouble due to excessive flying without rest.

● "Super-Gestapo" has gone into action. Many Gestapo officials have been sent to the front—to die. New men, even more cruel and ruthless, are taking their places.

● This is part of the German army's campaign to take over control of Germany and oust the Nazis from key positions. "Butcher" Heydrich, reported to be succeeding Himmler as Gestapo chief, is the "army's man," and thus holds the whip hand inside Germany.

● Hitler has asked Lohse, Nazi gauleiter of Kiev, to prepare a new Fuehrer H.Q. But Lohse is said not to feel too happy to take over responsibility for Hitler's life.

THREE MEN ON A RAFT

SHIPS and cargoes! We are an island race, and by sea power we have risen to greatness. Now, more literally than ever before, our fortune and our lives depend upon the men who go down to the sea in ships.

Three of these men were picked up recently after clinging to life for thirteen days on a raft five feet square. Their ship had been torpedoed, and they were the sole survivors of her company of 150 officers and men.

They suffered torments of thirst and agonies of cramp. They beat off sharks with a broken oar. They fought delirium, but they won through and went back to the sea again—to carry more cargoes for our salvation.

Seaman Edward Gordon Elliott, awarded the British Empire Medal for "great fortitude and endurance," has since broadcast the simple story of those almost unimaginable thirteen days.

"I have told my experiences," he said, "not because I want people to think about me particularly, but because I want them to remember always what seamen are going through and the risks that are being run."

Few of us can remember these things without being moved to compassion and thrilled with pride.

But how long shall we remember them, and how vividly? What is the measure of our gratitude, the value of our pride of race?

You, Mr. Profiteer, when you have brought off your "smartest" deal; when you have "got in first" to buy up goods that will be in short supply just because shipping space is so limited; will you spare a thought for the three men on a raft?

It may be true that some of your transactions are not technically illegal; and it is only too true that, if you are sufficiently astute, you can often break the law with impunity.

But nothing can change the fact, Mr. Profiteer, that all the money you make is blood money, and that you and your fraternity are sharks who prey on the lives of honest sailormen.

JOHN BULL must here remind its readers that there would be no "black markets" if there were no customers willing to buy in them.

How about you, then, Mr. and Mrs. Greedy? Do you think it clever to "wangle" extra supplies of rationed food; smart to wear new dresses and suits for which no coupons were demanded; "only natural" to grab and to hoard whatever is going?

Do you take a sort of triumph in living more softly than your neighbours and, indirectly, at their expense?

If you do these things, then you cannot understand or remember the terrible "price of Admiralty," or else you are indifferent to the sufferings of brave men and shamefully content to batten on their sacrifices.

WE have reached a critical stage in the war, and the Premier tells us that the very core of our difficulties can be expressed in the one word: "Shipping."

Everything depends upon that—our food supplies, our ability to move troops and munitions swiftly hither and thither across the seas to the danger points on the battle fronts that have been flung across four Continents.

Think that over, Mr. Private Motorist, and ask yourself whether there can be any joy left in "joy rides."

Is it fair, do you think, to drive your car—with nobody in it except yourself—past the waiting 'bus queues? Was your ration given you so that you could ride in comfort to the dog tracks?

Wasting your petrol for purely selfish purposes is bad enough, but there are still some of you bribing and cheating and conniving to obtain

extra supplies, and others, who claim a supplementary allowance for "essential" services, and who fake your log books and defraud your country.

You could not do that if you remembered the three men on the raft. No drop of petrol is brought into this land except at the peril of brave ships. There are men who have died of thirst to carry "the juice" that drives your cars.

And what about you, Mrs. Housewife?

Are you doing your level best to save paper, tins, bottles, bones, rubber and kitchen scrap?

The "S.O.S." of the Merchant Navy is to "Secure Our Salvage." You can't throw anything away nowadays without throwing away at least a tiny part of our chance to smash "Hitlerism."

Russian Trades Union Delegates, as we told you last week, are not satisfied that British production is full out.

Well, Mr. Manager, what have you to say to that? Some of you are not putting your backs into the job as though your lives depended upon it—though, indeed, they do. Others of you are concerned with profits and anxious to secure your company's position "after the war."

But your companies will have no position after the war unless the enemy is completely beaten.

You are using material that British ships have to carry.

Remember the three men on a raft.

And you, too, Mr. Working Man! The Government makes blunders; some managements are inefficient and others grossly selfish; perhaps you feel that your willingness to serve may be exploited.

But JOHN BULL tells you that at this crisis in

the nation's affairs every single one of us must be prepared to do his or her utmost, irrespective of any personal or sectional interest.

And that brings us, Mr. and Mrs. Everyman, to you, the civilians of all kinds and classes, men and women, old and young, pen-pushers and manual labourers, the huge and formless army of the people of Britain not yet in uniform.

Do you remember the three men on a raft?

Some of you are crowding the restaurants that ought to be reserved for workers, so that you can feed well and "slip a fast one" over your own ration cards.

OTHERS are shirking their trifling duty as fire-watchers; leaving the burden of A.R.P. to public-spirited neighbours who have borne it since the war began; "dodging every column" to which they are not compelled, and raising their plaintive, querulous, miserable voices in shrill protest over the slightest inconvenience to their personal comfort.

We have never hesitated to criticise Government or local authorities when we thought criticism called for. We have never pretended that it is fair or reasonable for High Authority to tell the humble individual: "It all depends on you."

But to-day we feel impelled to remind our readers that, to some extent at least, they are personally responsible for the conduct of the war and personally answerable for its duration.

There is no single one of us who does not owe a debt to "the three men on a raft" and their gallant comrades in the Merchant Navy and the Fighting Services. They stand between us and destruction.

Let us never forget "what they are going through and the risks they run."

As Nazi Germany Sees Us

MR. CHURCHILL revealed that Deputy-Fuehrer Hess "fresh from the atmosphere of Hitler's intimate table, flew to this country in the firm belief that he need only contact certain people for the "Churchill clique" to be thrown out.

Tinged with their apparent envy of some British characteristics which they tried in vain to discover among the German people, the Nazis instigated their campaign of hatred and fostered derision and contempt for Britain to such an extent that, in the end, they believed in their self-fabricated "caricature" of the average Englishman.

For the average German who, for years, has obtained his information about Britain from the Nazi Press, there is no such thing as a British working man.

I have searched the Nazi Press in vain for as much as even a casual mention of the British middle-class which, in earlier years, was admired as a stabilising factor in the life of the British Empire.

As Goebbels presented British life, these islands were simply inhabited by masses of unemployed on the one hand and by good-for-nothing, plotting, scheming, intriguing yet all-powerful aristocrats on the other hand.

Though Goebbels himself knows the facts full well, he would not let the German people guess that quite a fair proportion of British

★
What do the Nazis really think about the British people—and why? Here is the answer.

peers are scientists, big businessmen—engaged in trade.

Measuring them on the standard of German aristocrats, who even now, under Hitler, dominate the army, infiltrate politics, control the land, Goebbels has convinced the German people—so well that even Hitler, Hess, and his other Gangster-friends believe it—that a twenty-year-old British baron or duke was a more important political personality than a dozen trade union leaders or even high Army officers.

When the Nazis wanted to impress German readers with their interpretation of an Englishman, they showed him as "a gentleman in tweeds," chin-high, riding-whip in hand, leisurely surveying a scene.

★ ★ ★
This "aristocratic Englishman" of the German imagination was the lord of the country and, in their eyes, it only needed a hint from him to have a government change in Britain.

What, for instance, happens in Parliament is wholly incomprehensible to the Nazis.

I have come across front-page stories in the German Press, pro-

sent with huge headlines, screaming that the British people are in revolt against the Government.

The contents of such stories showed that an M.P. has simply asked a question in the House and criticised the Government of the day.

To Hitler's mind, obviously, such an undertaking is tantamount to revolt.

★ ★ ★
He has completely lost understanding of a free debate, impressed as he is with the monotonous procedure in his own ridiculous Reichstag, where members gathered to listen to him, to cheer him, to sing the Deutschland and the Horst Wessel song, and to go home again to wait for their pay-check.

Remember how Thyssen, a member of the Reichstag, carefully left Germany first before "expressing his opinion" in a letter to Hitler? He would not have dared to open his mouth inside Germany.

Yes, the Nazis have a curious opinion of this country.

They are idiotic enough to think that they know "the right people," who need only say a word to chase Churchill out.

But, mind you, Goebbels is not very consistent.

Because, if it suits his book, he will publicly include Churchill in the ranks of the very class which, they think, has such a mysterious power over Britain.

W. F.

Open Letters



Sir JAMES PURVES-STEWART,
Eminent Physician

DEAR SIR JAMES,—You are an old man, and should retire from public affairs.

Your bitter attack on the leaders of the Soviet Union, made at an opening meeting of Basingstoke's Anglo-Russian Week, was an affront to a brave people and an ally we have been glad to assist.

I am glad some of your listeners walked out, and the rest treated you to a stony reception.

I do not suppose they made you realise that the heavy Russian losses and superb successes have helped you to sleep safely in your bed for months. But at least I can hope that never again will you be invited to air your political opinions.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General Sir RONALD ADAM,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Please bring down your stick on the head of a bumptious officer who forbids his medical orderlies to wear scarves, even when fire-watching during the night.

Despite the recent icy spell, you may think this a trivial point. Not so! Pin-pricks cause more irritation to the troops than the worst of privations.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—As I was the first to urge pension reform, I naturally welcome your new arrangements for disabled Servicemen and the bereaved.

But with reservations!

For example, I am disappointed that the pension for a totally disabled man has been raised to 37s. 6d. a week from 34s. 2d. When will that £2-a-week promise be carried out?

Again, there are still no independent appeal tribunals. When will that promise be honoured?

If you regard me as an Oliver Twist, I have every right to consider you a stingy Mr. Bumble.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Warwickshire Agricultural Committee

GENTLEMEN,—Would it not be better to offer advice than show your authority?

You have ordered some farmers to quit because of bad production. Well, one of them took over a derelict farm two years ago; it had no farm buildings, no crops, and the hedges had not been cut for twenty-five years.

Since then, he has reared and sold stock worth £400, produced hay and corn, heavily manured the ground, and spent £500 of his own money.

Could you have done better?—JOHN BULL.

Sir CECIL GRAVES,
Joint Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR CECIL,—As you probably know more about broadcasting than anyone else in Britain, you deserve your promotion. But it will be a tough job.

All Britain will expect a decided improvement in the quality of programmes, even if the need for economy makes you substitute gramophone records for the

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.

Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—No one man should be policeman, prosecutor, judge and jailer in his own cause.

Not even when his cause is that of the security of the State.

For any one man may make mistakes. Even you—as events have made painfully clear.

I believe that your uncontrolled power of imprisonment is a most dangerous development.

Your Regulation 18b, that allows you to imprison people for years without even the semblance of a trial, was the product of the invasion scare, and remains an insult to the ideals for which we are fighting.

Under it you have shut away more than 600 men and women. In nearly ninety cases you have been advised by your own tribunals to release them, yet have refused to do so.

You insist that your judgment must prevail.

One's confidence in your judgment is hardly strengthened by your attitude to criticisms.

I shall not forget how you stopped a broadcast talk on 18b.

We, the people, are willing to sacrifice our hard-won liberties if by so doing we can speed the successful

present run of dreary comics and fifth-rate music.

You have this consolation: At least you can't make the programmes worse than they are.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Bexley, Kent

GENTLEMEN,—Alone of all the people in Britain you apparently believe that the cost of living is falling.

For you have reduced the rate of pay for your watchmen to 7d. an hour—less than in peace time. If the war lasts much longer I suppose you will expect them to pay you.—JOHN BULL.

RURAL DISTRICT COUNCIL,
Clendale, Northumberland

GENTLEMEN,—Somebody in your district is guilty of an error that may have cost a life.

A doctor in Wooler wanted to rush a patient to hospital for an urgent operation. He found that the ambulance had no petrol, and none could be obtained from pumps in the town after black-out.

Two and a half hours' delay followed before he got his patient away. See that it doesn't happen again!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. D. MARCESSON, M.P.,
Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—Army pay clerks in Leicester have to serve as fire guards for seven nights on end every three weeks.

I have reported this before. I shall continue to protest until you take action.

Meanwhile, you might tell me why you expect these men to avoid mistakes at work when they are forced to be sleepless for a week and badgered by chaotic tangles of red tape during the day?

You might even condescend to let me know why nothing is done to remedy the obsolete office system that doubles their work?—JOHN BULL.



end of the war. But not without reasonable safeguards.

You must provide them. You must give us a guarantee that innocent people cannot be thrown into jail without a chance of having their case properly tried.

Scrap 18b, and thus wipe out a monstrous piece of panicky legislation.—JOHN BULL.

The COMMANDANT,
Royal Observer Corps

DEAR SIR,—Women are wanted urgently for war duties, but some of your officials have yet to be convinced of the urgency.

A woman of forty, whose husband is in the Navy and her daughter in the A.T.S., patriotically volunteered for service in your Corps early in December.

After a good deal of muddle, she now learns that she will not be required for three or four months.

Hitler wouldn't allow his volunteers to be fobbed off for months by blundering officials. And Hitler won't wait for months until your local blunderers are willing to engage in total war.—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal A. G. GARROD,
Chief of R.A.F. Training

DEAR SIR,—One of my readers was accepted for the R.A.F. last July, but is still awaiting call-up despite his letters of entreaty. And that delay is by no means unusual.

There must be a lot of grit in your training machine.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, M.P.,
Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—At one aerodrome, an N.C.O. has been detailed for anti-tank gun instruction since last July, but the gun arrived only a month ago, and he still has no tools for repairs or ammunition.

At another 'drome two hundred people were invited to a dance. After walking through the gates they walked a mile in the black-out past some of our latest types of 'planes, which were unguarded.

At a third airfield, half the men detailed for defence duties have been posted to other stations.

Do you persist in assuring us that everything possible is being done to guard vital objectives?—JOHN BULL.

Freedom also Means Courage

ARGUE
IT OUT
By FALLEN

PEOPLE to-day are reading more, talking more, than they used to. The world is flooded with a spate of words.

They crowd the ether and go, echoing and re-echoing, no one knows where, but perhaps to wander, inaudible and unheeded, in space millions of light years away from the noisy, turbulent planet which first gave them utterance.

Man to-day cannot let the world go by. His vital interests are threatened. He is unable to shut the door of his mind against the swirling, imperative note of history. The summons is urgent. Nothing can still its clamour; nothing can veil the importance of its call.

Nothing, either, can stay the torrent of words. People have found their tongues again. They are delving into etymological mines and many are unable to distinguish the ore from the dross.

There's the word totalitarianism—an ugly word whose meaning has been twisted and mauled until it is linked with the form of government called Nazi-ism.

But a totalitarian polity merely means one which has no rival loyalties or parties.

And I doubt whether any State in the world, with the possible exception of Russia, can to-day justify the claim to be totalitarian.

There are still rival loyalties and parties in Britain. Even though the rivalry may not be directed against the war effort; in fact, may be only the zeal of one department against another, it is still rivalry which should be submerged.

And there's the word which of all words has been the most used since the fight for civilisation began—"freedom."

It is a word engraved on the hearts of men, a word which expresses at once the hope, the defiance, the fortitude of millions of enslaved human beings.

But, again, I doubt whether many people who use the word know what freedom really means.

What comes to your mind when you think of freedom? First, probably, you think of the freedom of your home and the future of your family.

Your personal freedom, that liberty of the subject which is so dear to you, is the keystone of your thoughts. You want the right to say what you think, the right to live without fear of persecution, without even interference.

All these things and more you will think of. But you will not have found an answer to the question: "What is Freedom?"

Pericles, the great Athenian orator, gave his answer more than 2,000 years ago when he said: "Happiness is Freedom and Freedom is courage."

His words are as true to-day as when he uttered them. There can be no absolute Freedom while fear remains—fear of hunger, of poverty, of social insecurity, of injustice, of misery, of unhappiness.

The courage from which Freedom springs is the courage to wipe out the evils which engender fear. The courage is in the heart of man to create something better than he knew; to build a world serene and confident; and to achieve a spiritual harmony among the peoples of the world.

Personal freedom is not enough. Man will come into his true heritage of happiness when his courage merits the inheritance.

★ Workers in our war factories must often wonder just how much havoc their weapons cause when they go into action. So why not more films, when possible, of actual raids, like this graphic glimpse of what the new Hurri-bombers can do?

Skittle Bombs Scare Traitors

By WALTER WHITMAN

THIS is a tale of two factories—one "Somewhere in England," one in Northern France. And we'll begin with the second.

It used to be a scene of terrific activity, turning out small arms ammunition for the Huns. Ever since France had fallen, the quisling management, eager to please their Hun masters, had "co-operated" to the full in Hitler's New Order.

Well, things will out; and some of the workers, when free for a spell from arming their conquerors, used to gather in the little village church to pray for an Allied victory.

And it was in that safe place of sanctuary that they discussed ways and means of getting the news through to Britain that their factory, ten miles from the Channel coast, was a Hun supply-shop.

Deadly Visitor

The little quisling manager sat one day in his office bullying an underling because production was not rising quickly enough, when something queer happened.

There was a terrific roar of engines which drowned his voice. Then something crashed through a wall of his office, sending bricks and debris flying in all directions, and covering the little French traitor with grime.

Whatever it was didn't stop. It went through the opposite wall, crashed on across the costs department, bashed its way clean into the middle of a large floor containing a score of valuable machines.

There it came to a stop, and for the first time the startled workers saw that it was a healthy, plump British bomb.

There was half a second's pause while the workers ran for shelter, then a whole series of terrific explosions brought the factory tottering to the ground.

A dozen Hurri-bombers had unloaded their delayed-action bombs from 150 feet. These had crashed through the walls and burst just where they could do most damage—right in the centre of each section of the works!

But that was not all. No sooner had the explosion occurred than back came the Hurricanes, firing at the wreckage with their machine-guns, each plane belching eight streams of incendiary bullets.

That night, in Hitler's Ministry of Supply, a long-faced Hun officer sadly crossed off another factory from his long list of "Establishments, Small Arms Ammunition, Occupied Territory."

Background of Blitz

At the factory in England where those Hurri-bombers were shaped, many a Hun bomb had caused anxiety during the Huns' nine-months blitz effort to knock Britain out from the air.

It was, indeed, during the worst days of the Luftwaffe's raids that these Hurri-bombers had been completed ready for despatch to squadrons which, from then on, could practise bombing with neat little six-and-a-half pounders tucked under each wing.

Then, when perfection of aim was reached, the practice bombs were replaced by deadly 250-pounders.

These fighters-turned-bombers come

Swooping low over their targets these nifty fighters turned bombers can cause terrific havoc



in low. When crossing the sea and when approaching their target they're often less than 100 feet above the ground.

The result has been that the Hun anti-aircraft guns actually have to fire down on them!

So many Hurri-bombers have swept towards vital targets at a speed of well over five miles a minute, and at a height of about twenty feet, that the Grey-coats gave up, trying to range ground guns on them. The planes had arrived, bombed and gone before guns could be trained!

So they adopted the idea of building tall anti-aircraft towers. From these they fire down on the planes which sweep beneath them.

The queer thing about these low-thrown delayed-action bombs is the way they behave on hitting the ground. They don't just stay put until the moment comes to explode.

No, they bounce along. And that's led to some surprising results.

During one raid a Hurricane pilot took careful aim at a goods train, but as luck would have it the train stopped at the very moment the bombs were released.

Wandering Weapon

One bomb, however, made its way to a siding where some trucks were standing, and put them out of action.

The other bounced on and in front of the train, and, while the pilot cursed his ill-luck and turned to machine-gun the engine, it finished its "run" just under a tunnel.

Down came the tunnel, completely blocking the line!

Hurri-bombers from other British factories have been doing some grand work in Libya.

There, they usually carry a number of bombs—fifty-pounders or thereabouts—under each wing. Thus equipped, they prove fine tank busters.

When a squadron of Hurricanes flings ten dozen fifty-pounders into the middle of a column of tanks, armoured cars, petrol carriers and lorries, and the big explosive eggs bounce about in all directions, Rommel's mechanised men have only one war aim, and that a very urgent one—ESCAPE!

They scatter and seek shelter.

The workers in Britain's factories ought to be treated to film shows of what their products achieve whenever conditions permit of such films being made.

Seeing's believing; and unless you see what some of our new weapons can do,

it's next to impossible to grasp the tremendous strides which have been made since our poor little, brave little, too little Army slogged it back to Dunkirk's beaches.

What of the new stuff which is coming from Britain's factories in growing streams?

Typhoons and Whirlwinds are just names; nothing more can be said about them—or about still newer types the very names of which cannot be disclosed.

FIFTH COLUMN FIASCO!

By Willi Frischauer

THE general of the biggest Nazi Fifth Column in the world is back home in Germany, wringing his hands in despair, reporting a smashing defeat to his Fuehrer.

He is Baron Edmund von Thermann, German Ambassador in Buenos Aires, organiser of all Nazi Fifth Column activities in South America.

Thermann's tall, dignified appearance has misled many who came into contact with him. Until they found out the truth about him they trusted and even respected him.

Never before has a man betrayed such trust so shamelessly. Never has a diplomat been driven from a continent with such ignominy.

Nobody discovered that Thermann was just one agent trained by the head of the "Latin-American Cultural Institute" in Berlin, General Faupel, who was once a general of the Argentine army.

Thermann was there to carry out General Faupel's plans. His pockets bulging with Nazi money, he began to distribute winter help to South American unemployed of German origin, later extending his generosity even to native South Americans.

In exchange this Nazi benefactor demanded "just a little information" about military and industrial secrets, about shipping and transport movements and, now and then, "popular support" for his dark, political schemes.

South American authorities were often surprised to notice how Thermann's diplomatic requests coincided with outbreaks of unrest and disturbances.

In Bolivia Thermann had an assistant,

But the new Hurricane B. carries twelve guns which belch 13,200 bullets per minute.

The new Spitfire, with two cannon and four machine-guns, puts out a total weight of 410 lb. of metal, as compared with the 220 lb. of the older type.

Then there's the Beaufighter, most heavily armed fighter in the world. It has four cannon, six machine-guns; and with them it shoots up enemy planes on the ground, strikes at enemy night bombers, "busts" Rommel's tanks in Libya.

Staggering Figures

Naturally, with machines possessing such tremendous fire-power, the demands on our ammunition factories are enormous.

Picture 300 Hurricane B.s constantly engaging the foe for a period of twelve hours. In that twelve-hour period no fewer than 48,000,000 bullets would be discharged!

If the cannon-firing variety of Hurricane was employed, then 2,160,000 explosive shells would be fired into the foe from the air.

Remember that in some of our fighter sweeps across the Channel we have used as many as 300 at the same time. These staggering figures simply show what constant activity by such a force during one day would demand of our factories.

One day!

No wonder Service experts say that we can't ever possess too great a reserve of ammunition.

And no wonder the authorities want every bit of scrap you can rake out!

Dr. Wendler, a brother-in-law of Himmler, and whenever there was a chance to create difficulties in the relations of the South American nations Thermann and Wendler pulled the strings, encouraging the quarrelling parties, promising and supplying German arms and munitions, and inciting the political and military leaders to take up arms against one another.

If South America was for a time the proverbial playground for revolutionaries, Wendler and Thermann are to blame.

The whole organisation had been extended to a point where its leaders could boast that they would one day take South America by telephone.

But gradually the South American authorities awoke to the threat.

One after another of the Nazi agents was sent packing.

Wendler was expelled, in spite of the diplomatic privileges which he had abused.

Nazi and Italian commercial pilots (all really members of the Axis air forces) were dismissed and replaced by loyal South Americans whose jobs they had taken.

American financial interests crowded the Nazi financiers out.

The South American armies were cleansed of German and pro-German officers.

Thermann, though the Argentine Government did not ask for his recall, was publicly assailed until he found the South American soil too hot for him.

Now South America is throwing in its lot wholeheartedly with the United Nations in the fight against Hitlerism.

The vast Fifth Columns have been defeated.

They retain small isolated outposts here and there, but mopping-up operations are proceeding satisfactorily, and the defeat of Hitler's sinister plans is assured.

ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER?

HITLER FEARS OUR UNITY



When Hitler and Mussolini looked out from their plane at the far distant battlefield of Russia in the summer they did not realise what the winter had waiting for them

WITH the new mechanism set up for the conduct of the war, the United Nations have reached a goal as important as victories in the field. That goal is not merely a united purpose. Nor is it merely a unity of strategy. It is a unity of administration covering the whole mechanism of the war in all its aspects of production, distribution and priorities.

I call this achievement as important as victories in the field because it is this unity of purpose, strategy and administration that assures the final victory of all. Given this consolidation of policy and execution, the material potentialities of the United Nations are decisive.

That so great an organism should have been set in motion in the few brief weeks that have elapsed since Pearl Harbour is due to two causes.

First, the terrific urgency of events. Second, the imaginative stroke of statesmanship that led Mr. Churchill to make his instant and historic visit to Washington.

IT WAS A GRAVE AND UNPRECEDENTED RISK TO TAKE—A RISK WHICH WE MAY HOPE WILL NOT NEED TO BE TAKEN AGAIN. BUT ITS IMMEDIATE RESULTS AND ITS VISIBLE EFFECTS ON THE FUTURE HAVE MAGNIFICENTLY JUSTIFIED IT.

There are still flaws in the garment of unity. Russia, for example, is not yet at war with Japan. But that will come, and meanwhile the A.B.C.D. front is a coherent whole, inspired by a single direction and gathering its resources for a single target.

No more will the Axis be able to destroy its enemies "one by one."

This spirit of unity must not only inspire the whole. It must permeate all the parts. Democracy must show that in the hour of peril

its solidarity is as unquestionable as that of Hitler's regimented slaves.

It must show that while preserving the realities of freedom and the rights of criticism it knows how to subordinate them in times of danger.

IT MUST TAKE CARE THAT THE MAN AT THE WHEEL IS THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB, BUT HAVING SATISFIED ITSELF ON THAT POINT IT MUST NOT CROWD ABOUT HIM AND "JOLLY" HIM IN THE MIDST OF THE STORM.

Parliament showed its appreciation of that wise restraint in the debate on the conduct of the war. It expressed itself with great freedom on many subjects about which the public mind is justly anxious.

But when it came to the vote it gave Mr. Churchill an overwhelming verdict, and even those who were most critical of certain aspects of the war were careful to explain that it was not he whom they distrusted, but unnamed members of his crew.

By A. G. GARDINER

THERE was one quarter, we may be sure, in which the issue of the debate fell like a wet blanket. That quarter was the Axis. Hitler and Mussolini are in no doubt as to who is their Enemy No. 1. They exalted Mr. Churchill to that position long ago—before the war and long before he was in the Government.

And though they have since discovered that "War-monger Roosevelt" is nearly as infamous a person, Mr. Churchill has never in their eyes fallen from his bad eminence.

For it was he who stopped the rot when all seemed won and lost, and it is he who has brought the cause of freedom out of the depths to its now commanding power.

What would have been so comforting to them as the discovery that this wicked man was losing the confidence of the British people? What so cheering as the sign that the solidarity of the British front was cracking?

What so full of hope as that Mr. Shinwell, Lord Winterton and the rest were bringing about the collapse of the Government, which could not fail to involve the enemy they most feared.

They themselves are joyfully free from the impertinence of a Parliament. Mussolini did not have to explain away before all the world the rout of his armies in Abyssinia and Libya, or the failures of his fleet in his own seas.

Hitler had not to defend his gamble in Russia, or listen to critics quoting his unfulfilled prophecies of the end of the war in 1940, and again in 1941.

But though they disapprove of the inconvenience of Parliaments for themselves, they naturally welcome any disruptive activities in the Parliament of their chief enemy.

And we can well understand their disappointment with the vote on the war. Whatever else it showed, it did not indicate that there was any breach in the solidarity of Parliament or the nation on that subject.

Nor did it hold out the ghost of a pro-

mise that the days of their Public Enemy No. 1 were numbered.

It would be strange as well as calamitous if it were so.

For in the last two years Mr. Churchill has placed this nation and the world at large under a debt that few men in history have rivalled, and none have surpassed.

That he has made mistakes is true. What statesman in history has a flawless record?

What statesman in history has shouldered such a task as that which he undertook in the dark days of 1940? What are his mistakes compared with those of Hitler and Mussolini?

And against whatever mistakes there have been, place the grandeur of his service. He has piloted this nation out of the most dreadful peril it has been in for a thousand years.

It cannot be said that he has weathered the storm to the end—yet.

But he has brought us the assurance of ultimate victory. He has mobilised the world of freedom behind us. His dauntless courage and his matchless eloquence have stirred the souls of men in all lands.

By speech and action he has shed a new glory over the English name. And seen in all its larger outlines—as in the relations with America—his statesmanship has been spacious, wise and triumphant.

We have but to ask who should take his place to realise the full stature of the man.

Nazi Murderers are Indexed!

IN every German town, large and small, men are now busy writing names.

Names and facts.

They are preparing for THE DAY—the other one, when accounts will be settled.

They are collecting not only names of Nazi criminals but of victims and witnesses.

Many of them, indeed, started some eight or nine years ago, long before the war.

"I shall remember him, when it goes the other way round," they said to themselves, to their wives and children, and to their closest friends.

And what began as spontaneous initiative by scattered individuals soon developed into an organised compilation of lists by key men of the underground anti-Nazi movement.

Thus the first lists of Hitlerite criminals were born.

Copies were sent through the usual secret channels to political headquarters abroad, mainly Socialist and Communist.

Here, in a north-western suburb of London, lives a young German Socialist who has spent a great part of the last nine years in collecting

the names and facts received from Germany.

He escaped with his precious lists from Prague to Paris on the eve of the German invasion of Czechoslovakia.

At the beginning of the invasion of France he was interned, but took into the camp a little suitcase containing one shirt, a pair of socks, a toothbrush—and the lists!

From France he managed to reach these shores.

Had the Nazis known that the ship on which he was sailing from Lisbon also carried his suitcase, they would probably have risked a submarine for the chance of sending the suitcase to the bottom of the Atlantic.

For he has a list of 2,500 men and of their crimes, most of whom are likely to die when the day of reckoning comes.

They include local commissars, inspectors, and ordinary agents of the Gestapo, who used third-degree methods on men and women—in order to squeeze information.

Sometimes they stopped torturing only when the victims were an unrecognisable, grinning heap of bleeding flesh.

Then, after pouring pails of ice-cold water over their heads, they made them sign a statement to the effect that they had been well-

We have but to imagine what a shudder would pass over the realms of freedom everywhere, and what a howl of triumph would be heard in the realms of the Axis if he were to fall to have the measure of his greatness.

But he will not fall. The free vote of Parliament gives the assurance of that.

That vote does not mean that there was not serious weight in much of the criticism levelled at the Government in the war debate.

Much of it proceeded from what Mr. Pethick Lawrence described as "backstairs intrigue." Some of it came from disappointed place hunters.

But no one can doubt the sincerity and gravity of much that was said on such subjects as the Pacific, the failures in production, the reconstruction of the Government, the amiable weakness of the Prime Minister in throwing his shield over inadequate colleagues, and so on.

MR. CHURCHILL—AS HIS REPLY TO THE DEBATE AT ONCE MADE CLEAR—IS TOO LOYAL TO PARLIAMENT TO RESENT THESE STRICTURES AND TOO LOYAL TO HIS COUNTRY TO FAIL TO COMPLY WITH THEM IN SO FAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO DO SO.

Above all he is too passionate in his devotion to the great cause of which he is the spearhead to do anything that would shatter the unity of the country in this great crisis.

He more than any single man is the creator and chief pillar of that unity.

He more than any other man can preserve it and crown it with victory.

treated, and had merely slipped on the stairs.

But sometimes they stopped when it was too late.

In such cases the relations received by post a small box, together with an official notice explaining that Herr X had died from pneumonia, or had committed suicide, and that a box herewith contained his ashes.

None of these men will be forgotten.

There are other lists of Nazi criminals than the one in London. They are to be found in Stockholm, in Moscow, in New York. . . .

But most of the lists are now being compiled on the spot.

The anti-Nazi leaders abroad have sent word to their friends inside Germany to register all names and facts which have come to their knowledge since the outbreak of war.

Last month, the governments of Allied countries under Nazi occupation met in London and proclaimed their determination to punish the criminals of this war.

These lists will enable them to put that determination into effect.

And they will enable the vast and merciless clean-up without which Germany would never again be able to become a decent nation.

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Public Enemy

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should take his ure of the man.

We have but to imagine what a shudder would pass over the realms of freedom everywhere, and what a howl of triumph would be heard in the realms of the Axis if he were to fail to have the measure of his greatness.

But he will not fall. The free vote of Parliament gives the assurance of that.

That vote does not mean that there was not serious weight in much of the criticism levelled at the Government in the war debate.

Much of it proceeded from what Mr. Pethick Lawrence described as "backstairs intrigue." Some of it came from disappointed place hunters.

But no one can doubt the sincerity and gravity of much that was said on such subjects as the Pacific, the failures in production, the reconstruction of the Government, the amiable weakness of the Prime Minister in throwing his shield over inadequate colleagues, and so on.

MR. CHURCHILL—AS HIS REPLY TO THE DEBATE AT ONCE MADE CLEAR—IS TOO LOYAL TO PARLIAMENT TO RESENT THESE STRICTURES AND TOO LOYAL TO HIS COUNTRY TO FAIL TO COMPLY WITH THEM IN SO FAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO DO SO.

Above all he is too passionate in his devotion to the great cause of which he is the spearhead to do anything that would shatter the unity of the country in this great crisis.

He more than any single man is the creator and chief pillar of that unity.

He more than any other man can preserve it and crown it with victory.

murderers are Indexed!

the names and facts received from Germany.

He escaped with his precious lists from Prague to Paris on the eve of the German invasion of Czechoslovakia.

At the beginning of the invasion of France he was interned, but took into the camp a little suitcase containing one shirt, a pair of socks, a toothbrush—and the lists!

From France he managed to reach these shores.

Had the Nazis known that the ship on which he was sailing from Lisbon also carried his suitcase, they would probably have risked a submarine for the chance of sending the suitcase to the bottom of the Atlantic.

For he has a list of 2,500 men and of their crimes, most of whom are likely to die when the day of reckoning comes.

They include local commissars, inspectors, and ordinary agents of the Gestapo, who used third-degree methods on men and women—in order to squeeze information.

Sometimes they stopped torturing only when the victims were an unrecognisable, groaning heap of bleeding flesh.

Then, after pouring pails of ice-cold water over their heads, they made them sign a statement to the effect that they had been well-

treated, and had merely slipped on the stairs.

But sometimes they stopped when it was too late.

In such cases the relations received by post a small box, together with an official notice explaining that Herr X had died from pneumonia, or had committed suicide, and that a box herewith contained his ashes.

None of these men will be forgotten.

There are other lists of Nazi criminals than the one in London. They are to be found in Stockholm, in Moscow, in New York.

But most of the lists are now being compiled on the spot.

The anti-Nazi leaders abroad have sent word to their friends inside Germany to register all names and facts which have come to their knowledge since the outbreak of war.

Last month, the governments of Allied countries under Nazi occupation met in London and proclaimed their determination to punish the criminals of this war.

These lists will enable them to put that determination into effect.

And they will enable the vast and merciless clean-up without which Germany would never again be able to become a decent nation.

"FRANCOIS . . . my letters from France, please."
It is General de Gaulle, leader of the Free French, speaking.

He has returned to his London office just before midnight—as is his custom—to make sure that the day's work has been finished.

If it hasn't, he stays.

If it has, there are The Letters. Every day there are The Letters. No visit to his office is wasted while there are those.

No ordinary letters, these. You can judge that by the tenderness with which his secretary hands them to him: the reverence with which he receives them.

They come from France. They come by methods which cannot even be hinted at—sometimes as many as fifty a day and never fewer than seven.

Frenchmen, Frenchwomen, risk their lives to send them.

On his left, the letters from Occupied France. On his right, from Vichy France.

Opening the first, the General sinks from his great height into his chair.

For address there is just "Occupied France." It is on magnificent paper. It bears the embossed crest of a noble family. The General reads. . .

"We have no compulsory guests now. If I could tell you what we went through during the four months they were here! It looks like the Augean stable now."

"But no more of that. I just want to tell you that the whole village has asked me to write, to send our thanks and esteem for you and all those who represent the true spirit of France, the people so unworthily tricked and misled."

"I send you our love, General, and, believe me, we look forward to the day when you and your friends are marching along the Champs Elysées."

The next is on a jagged fragment roughly torn from a cheap notebook. It is pencilled. . .

"I live in a mining village on the Loire. I want to tell you that everyone here—I say everyone—sets his hope in you and in Britain."

"At last the long-awaited chance has come to send a message to you. Our message, because the whole village has asked me to write."

"Just one long nightmare since summer, 1940, when the sorrow of defeat was increased by the horror of treachery, and we had that 'honourable' armistice. 'Honourable'—save the mark!"

"We hope to help, when the time comes, to exterminate the Boche and all his collaborators. You can imagine that the French people have had enough of them."

"If we do not move more quickly, it is because we are awaiting the word from you."

"Not far off there is an airfield where they have got some pro-Franco Spaniards. Last autumn they asked them if they would volunteer for the Blue Division against the Russians."

"They couldn't get one."

"Two days later they drew the lot, and the first batch of 'volunteers' was picked. Two more parties left within a few days."

"But they didn't go to Russia. They went to Brest and L'Orient, and other hot spots in the occupied zone. So much for their anti-Red crusaders."

Next, from a young man in much-bombed Brest. . .

"I have left school, but am not

De Gaulle Hears From Home



The General is nearer seven feet than six. His manner is quietly assured

working yet. If I did, it would have to be for the Boche.

"You can't imagine what life is like. Brest is an inferno. The figures of the last R.A.F. raid are so terrific, I daren't believe them. The town is deserted. The Hotel Continental and the Prefecture are flat."

"The papers don't mention the raids. Did I tell you the Boche have bombed Brest? They fired on the Youth Hostel as a reprisal for the destruction of the German H.Q., which burnt in inexplicable fashion during a raid."

"Hundreds of Boches burnt with it. One can't get away, or I'd be with you."

The General lays the letter aside.

"These are a tonic, Francois," he says. "In spite of the Gestapo, in spite of the censorship, in spite of everything, we get these letters—the B.B.C., our newspapers, and the friends and relatives serving with us as well."

Now his hand falls on a letter in a woman's writing. It bears the Brittany postmark. What defiance—it has been posted!

"Just to let you know that the state of mind is first-rate," it begins.

"In spite of foreign germs, the general health is sound. This town is all for De Gaulle."

"We all followed the wireless instructions you sent."

"The great crowd moved slowly to the cemetery in procession, while the police smiled and the Boches looked wild and shook their fists and shouted 'You fools; you damned fools!'"

"We got near to the British airmen's graves. It was impossible to go nearer for people. But I saw that the places where they lie are smothered with flowers."

Now a letter from La Rochelle. . .

"First let me say how good it was to get a letter from the Free French Forces. Every Frenchman has one wish—to let you people know how we admire and envy you."

"Many of us are busy getting things ready. When we get the word, you can count on 80 per cent. in this town."

"The wires have just been cut

at Chatellillon. They say Frenchmen did it.

"There were some reprisals, and then they nailed a dead chicken to the door of German headquarters, with the notice: 'I'd rather die than lay for Germans.'"

"I met an old friend here. An Austrian officer I knew in Vienna before the Anschluss. I asked him when he hoped to be demobbed."

"Please don't turn the knife in the wound!" he said.

"Three British airmen lost their lives coming over here in the last raid. For three days and nights without a break the crowds filed through the cemetery."

"The coffins were hidden by tricolours and the Crosses of Lorraine (the De Gaulle symbol)."

"Soon we hope to get the chance to show our feelings more actively."

Steadily—reading, sorting, jotting—General de Gaulle works through the pile.

Ah, from Provence, in occupied France. And from a woman, again. . .

"I am a very young mother. And I do want to tell you how we admire you and what we hope from you."

"We implore you to set us free from the German yoke."

"Every evening we tune in to London, and with beating hearts await the word that will give us swift deliverance. But please don't wait too long."

"You see, it is very hard to watch one's little ones suffering. We two must join my husband in Paris now, and I tremble for my son. He is so very little."

That letter is signed: "The Mother of Little Jacques."

Now another from a woman:

"I have three girls, one boy. I am proud of my boy, because I have reason to wish him to become a good soldier."

"I and my children go out with our chalk. Whenever we can we chalk up our V. Whenever I pass a Boche I whistle the 'V Song,' which I have learnt from the wireless."

"How I wish we could have underground organisations. How we should love to be working for you! How proudly we should give our lives for France. I feel a thrill in adding the words 'for our country.'"

"God help you in your just cause—all our liberators. Long live De Gaulle, Britain, U.S.A., and all fighters for Free France."

That last letter asks for an acknowledgment over the wireless. "Just say a Marseilles Family in Monaco, 1891."

Says General de Gaulle to his secretary: "You will see that it is done, Francois. You will find my pencilled notes. Acknowledge all, where it has been made possible."

And Francois, secretary, once First Secretary to the French Legation in Helsinki, says: "Mon General, I will."

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

ROUND UP THE DODGERS!

FAR too many fit young men are still dodging service with the Forces.

Let me say at once that I am not referring to genuine conscientious objectors, who at least have the courage of their convictions and are thus entitled to respect.

The men I mean ignore the fact that the Government has set up proper tribunals to deal with all reasonable pleas. They seek, instead, to dodge their obligations by subterfuge.

I am aware that the authorities have launched a campaign with the object of weeding out the dodgers from field, factory and workshop, but what is needed is a regular blitzkrieg.

My post-bag is filled with complaints about men who are evading service by various means of trickery and downright fraud.

Inquiries by members of my staff leave no possible doubt that "wangling" is widespread.

Typical case is that of a large factory in the South, where many able-bodied young men bolted to secure jobs which prevented them from being called up.

Some of these "noble" young men openly boasted of how they were able to "dodge the column."

False Registrations

Investigations showed that many of them were falsely registered as doing work which entitled them to the classification of "reserved occupation."

Ordinary clerks were listed as chief clerks and as such were reserved.

Other men doing odd jobs were classed as storekeepers and reserved.

Men who tinkered about at a bench were described as lorry drivers and so escaped the call-up.

Almost everybody on the staff knew about this wangling and gave a knowing wink. The Army dodgers were happy.

Extravagance Still Goes On

WEEK by week the crushing burden of squandermania grows heavier.

Despite all the appeals for economy by our Ministers and the firm instructions of Service chiefs, their subordinates not only continue to waste public money and war materials but even to increase the constant drain.

I am appalled by the new tide of extravagance that has accompanied the launch of the National Fire Service.

Clerical staffs are doubled, trebled, and then quadrupled.

Expensive headquarters are built; offices reconstructed and comfortably furnished for the host of senior officials.

Ordinary firemen, badgered by a thousand-and-one vexatious new regulations, are angered by the waste of petrol in the fire stations.

In one small provincial station alone, fifty gallons are used daily. Only five are really necessary.

The rest goes into the big cars that take the fire chief's son to school and his wife to shop. Or it is used to clean the station floor!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week's £1 ls. goes to Mr. Fred Hobday, Groby, Leicester, for information supplied.

Address letters to me personally, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

They are less happy now, because information reached the local Man-Power Board officials, who swooped down on the factory and combed out the staff.

Many more of such swoops are overdue.

There are too many factories engaged on war work which have become havens of refuge for Army-shy young men.

"Bought" Their Jobs

Many of these young shirkers have got their alleged war jobs by bribing foremen or by other devious ways, and are listed as skilled workmen—too often they are useless duds whose only help is to clog the war effort of the factories.

I hope that Ministry of Labour sleuths inspecting factories won't let themselves be hoodwinked by the fraudulent classification of workmen.

Also there must be a careful check to prove that men appearing on the wage-sheet are actually employed on useful work.

There are too many alleged mechanics in war factories who have no experience to justify such a title.

When a man is described as a "captain lathe operator," his record of experience should be checked.

In some factories, investigations have revealed the existence of a "dead man's pay-roll," meaning that men on the wage sheet did not work at the factory, but were otherwise employed.

There have been young "directors" who were never at the works to direct anything.

Officials have been paid sums ranging from £50 upwards by men of military age to have their names included on the pay-rolls of firms engaged in war production.

Some of these shirkers, according to office records, are paid a nominal wage, but they seldom, if ever, go to the factory.

Recently it was discovered that a num-

ber of alleged "war workers" were actually engaged in a betting business some distance away from the factory where they were supposed to be employed.

In another town a man was returned on official records as employed by a firm at a given address. The firm proved non-existent, and the address given was that of an air-raid shelter!

Change Their Address

Another trick of the Army dodgers is to change their address and employment after they have been called up for their medical examination.

Sometimes they move to another town. By this form of trickery they never receive their calling-up notices.

Eventually they may be traced by the authorities, but many of them evade call-up for a year or longer by this means.

Mention must also be made of sons of wealthy men who are able to dodge the Army because they have suddenly become farmers.

The number of hefty young men who know nothing of the land, but are now engaged as "farmers," is astounding.

Ex-Service men in agricultural areas write to me protesting against rich men buying holdings so that their sons can escape the Services.

There is the case of the young man whose father bought him a farm. He ran it so inefficiently that he was evicted by the agricultural authorities.

But even then this young man escaped the Army. Strings were pulled and he was "wangled" a job as an "agricultural worker."

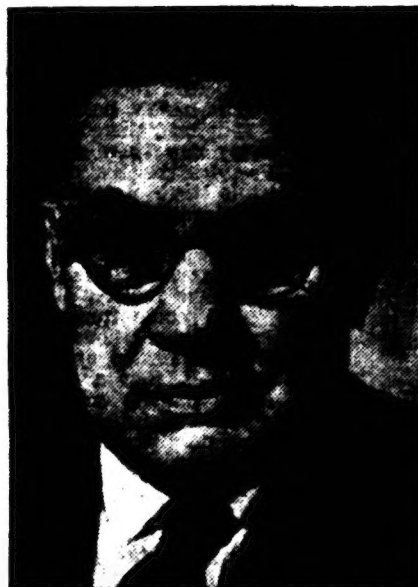
Quick-Change Artist

Then there is the classic example of a dance band-leader who, when due for call-up, suddenly became the manager of a clothing factory and became exempt from Service. It is only necessary to add that he was a relative of the principal of the clothing factory.

It is no exaggeration to say that a great "reserved job" racket has developed in many parts of the country.

Men able to pay anything from £50 to £1,000 have been able to buy exemption from serving their country in time of need.

The new machinery set up to root out these contemptible people must be speeded up.



Mr. Bevin's campaign to trace these shirkers, needs to be speeded up considerably

ALL THE ANSWERS

DO THE GERMANS BLUNDER?

● Although criticism of our Government is often frank, Churchill found it much easier to defend it last week than Hitler would have done had he faced a free Reichstag.

Our blunders have been chiefly those of organisation.

Hitler's mistakes are of a much greater magnitude.

First, his initial mistake of starting a war which meant the economic ruin of Europe.

Then the error of not attacking Britain just after Dunkirk. Worse still, his childishly stupid miscalculation over Russia.

But, although Hitler could get away with all that by his usual lying, he could not, in open discussion, justify the many errors of his war machine, the condition of his railways, and the unfairness of a ration system which is criminally generous to the Nazis and which imposes on the masses almost intolerable suffering.

WHY SCATTER THE WORKERS?

● Officialdom is sending many people on jobs far from their homes.

London girls go, say, to Leeds, and Leeds girls come to London.

Immediately, a scheme by which workers are employed as near their homes as possible is vitally important.

I know it is a great difficulty—but it must be worked out.

At present there is a great deal of discontent about the matter.

SHOULD WARDENS BE ARMED?

● The Government contemplates some kind of a fusion of A.R.P. workers and the Home Guard, and is planning for Home Guard instructors to train wardens in the use of weapons.

Theoretically, if invasion is really expected every citizen should be armed.

But we are forced back on the plain fact that we are behind in finding arms for our serving Forces. And as, at present, millions of those remain quartered in England, the arming of the civil population becomes a secondary matter.

CAN WE STRENGTHEN AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN BOND?

● "Everything possible should be done to publicise Russian views here and British views in Russia," said Sir Stafford Cripps.

Well, even now there are no fewer than three important bodies specially formed to improve Anglo-Russian ties. They include distinguished members of all the professions.

The Aid-for-Russia meetings have enormously publicised the extent of Russia's mighty effort.

Yet Russians know next to nothing about us.

We should send over lecturers who speak Russian, and let pianists like Harriet Cohen, who knows Russia well, go back to give concerts. Where is Albert Coates?

Then the B.B.C. should have a special Russian programme—for the Russians.

HANNEN SWAFFER.

★ STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY WALDO KELLAR ★

YOU may believe this or disbelieve it. But if you disbelieve it, I hope that you will not laugh at it, because it touches a matter that is sacred.

It really happened. It happened to me, in bright Spring daylight in a rather dull little park in North London.

Perhaps you know Clissold Park. It is a very ordinary piece of greenery near that endless road they call Green Lanes. This was in 1931.

At that time I was trying to get a living as a salesman. The goods I was trying to sell were household appliances of a valueless and unusable kind.

I didn't sell many of them; my heart wasn't in it. If a prospective customer said, "This stuff is rubbish," I found myself replying, "To be quite frank, I think so, too."

And so, on a fine Spring morning, I found myself carrying a heavy case and light pockets, with a sore heart on sore feet near this park. I was wearing large, loose shoes; but I had to cross a road in the course of repair, and some gravel got into my left shoe.

This was a very painful thing to happen. Clissold Park looked calm and soothing. I needed a little calm, so I went into the park and sat down on a bench to the right of the gate.

At the other end of the bench sat an old man, slowly spelling his way through a newspaper with the aid of a little magnifying glass. There was nobody else in sight except a nursemaid wheeling a pram about three hundred yards away. The bench stood under a big old tree. I took off my shoe and eased my foot.

I remember how gratefully I wriggled my battered toes in the cool air. I shook gravel out of the shoe, and then, as I was fumbling with my fingers to prise loose a small, sharp, insinuating piece just past the instep, I heard a voice, quiet, but very firm and urgent, saying "Jack! Jack!"

I was very tired and rather depressed, and you know how in such moments one's mind, seeming empty, is too full of too many things. I thought, at first, that this voice had come out of one of those dark cellars of memory which occasionally throw up into consciousness their half-forgotten echoes.

ASSOCIATED that voice with my childhood. One of my names is Jack. Nobody has called me by it since my earliest youth.

Like most little boys, I had often done dangerous, harebrained, slightly naughty things. And my father, whenever he wished to make me aware of danger—for example, if he found me leaning



THE VOICE IN THE PARK

rather too far out of a window, or starting to rush too rashly across a busy street—would use my shortest name, Jack, with a peculiar, highly characteristic inflection.

Nobody else ever said "Jack" quite like that. Accent, intonation, and a certain metallic ring went with it.

And that, it suddenly occurred to me, was the voice that had seemed to speak in my ear that morning in Clissold Park.

MY father and I were very close together, but he died in 1929. I sat back, still holding my shoe, and found that my heart was beating faster than usual.

That voice had brought things back. And even as I sat, I heard it again, much louder, close to my ear.

"Jack! Jack!"

I looked at the old man. The voice certainly had not come from him. His old, shrivelled head swayed from side to side as he followed the lines of print with his little round lens. Then I reasoned with myself.

"Listen," I said to myself, "pull yourself together. You are tired, and perhaps just a little bit discouraged on account of your inability to work up an enthusiasm over these ridiculous things you are trying to sell."

"And so, sitting here in this park, snatching this rather sad little respite while you get this gravel out of your shoe, you are letting your imagination wander around where it can't do you

any good at all, and you are digging up silly little bits of your childhood."

"That's what it is," I said to myself. "You are thinking of a time when somebody protected you, and when you were safe, and needed to have no confidence in yourself. Yes, indeed, you are trying to wriggle out of things. You are indulging in the luxury of melancholy recollection."

"So snap out of it. What you have got to do is, go out and, before you give up this futile and entirely stupid job of selling things that you don't want to sell and people don't want to buy, get rid of at least one or two of the orders, if only to prove that you can do it. . . ."

Being, at that time, much younger, and extremely lonely, I had the habit of talking to myself silently like that. But as I concluded this little soliloquy, I actually shook my head like a dog coming out of water, and put my shoe on. And then, much louder and much clearer than before, that unmistakable voice cried:

"Jack! Jack! Jack!"

I said to myself: "No. Positively, no. This kind of thing is bad. This kind of thing leads to crazy ideas. I am not hearing this. I am imagining it."

"Jack! Jack!" said the voice.

I said to the old man: "Excuse me. Did you hear anything just now?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "I can't say I did. Why?"

"I thought I heard somebody call."

"No," he said, "nobody called." And he focused his reading-glass upon the columns again.

I began to lace my shoe. But, far down in the toe, there were still one or two crumbs of that all-pervading gravel. I had to take the shoe off again.

"Jack! Jack!" said the voice.

I ignored it quite deliberately, even with an exaggerated coolness, and felt in my pockets for a pencil with which I hoped to write down large orders for the rubbish I was trying to sell.

I got out one piece of the gravel, and was attacking the last bit when I heard the voice again.

HAVE you ever heard the last yell of a man who is drowning? Or perhaps the final desperate cry of somebody who is toppling off his balance on the edge of a height?

There is a quality in such a cry that no man on earth can ignore. And no written words can convey the shock-effect of that tone, into which a man forces all his heart and soul.

The voice came again, and it was like that—amplified, as if it had come reverberating through a huge, echoing cave.

I have heard the bomb that blew me up, but I swear to you that I have never heard anything so fantastically loud as the voice—unquestionably the old, warning voice of my father—that in that moment roared "JACK! JACK! JACK!"

I leaped up, holding my shoe in my hand, and sprang away from the bench into the middle of the path, looking about me.

It seemed that the whole world must echo with that voice, and yet the old man could not have heard it, for he languidly raised his eyes from his paper and gazed at me for a second or two.

AND in those seconds, while my eyes met his, I heard another sound which rather resembled a heavy knock on a solid door.

The old man heard that. He rose from the bench trembling.

"Well, now, look at that," he said. "Them boys, they ought to be locked up . . . chucking stuff up into the trees like that. They might have killed somebody."

Something was standing embedded in the seat on which I had been sitting. It was a spearhead of iron railing, rusted to a wicked point; a murderous piece of metal, weighing about six pounds.

Somebody, in idle playfulness, had thrown it up into the tree some time before—perhaps to knock down a lost ball—and it had stayed up there.

But fate worked it loose and sent it smashing 50 ft. down, just in that moment when, driven by the blast of the voice of the man who was not there, I had jumped out of the seat! It would have hit me somewhere between the top of my head and the place where my neck joins my shoulders.

A clever man, a psychologist, said that I had heard, as it were unconsciously, the iron working loose up in that tree; and this strange, menacing sound (he said) had translated itself in my subconscious mind into that ancient danger-signal of early childhood.

But I do not know. . . .

Human Machine

DOING YOUR BEST

● In a book now long out of print, Mr. Eden Phillpotts has a bit of dialogue that strikes right down to the roots of human nature.

"Be industrious" (said his immediate superior), "and let me have the pleasure of reporting favourably when the time comes to give an account of your labours to the secretary."

I said, "Yes, sir, I will do my best."

He looked at me and smiled. "A great promise," he said. "To do your best is to be one man picked out of a thousand."

I had no idea, then, that it was such a rare thing to do your best; but he knew. And I found afterwards that it is not only rare, but frightfully difficult, and no doubt that is why so few people do it.

That's a piece of profound truth.

Anyone can say, "I'll do my best." Any number of people do, in fact, say it—and mean it. But not many really do it, though they may quite honestly think they do.

Really, to do our best means giving everything we've got to the task in hand. Everything—all our faculties, our energies, our brains and our enthusiasms.

To do your best means going all out, full stretch, full throttle, nothing withheld, nothing grudging, nothing shirked.

It's a tall order.

But it can be done—and has been done by every man and woman who has ever achieved success.

The Country Wants Your Rubber

YOU can realise what your home would have been like during the recent cold spell if it had no windows.

Well, due to Nazi bombing, scores of thousands of Russian homes haven't a pane of glass in them.

Their brave occupants—your allies—are thanking God for British hot-water bottles rushed out to them for the use of themselves and their heroic husbands and sons.

We promised them large quantities of such bottles. We promised them tanks in thousands—and each contains two and a half hundredweight of rubber. We have promised them monster fleets of vehicles, aeroplanes—all making demands on our rubber supplies.

And, since making those promises, the treacherous Japs have seized the source of supply—the Malayan rubber plantations.

But, thanks to you, those promises are going to be kept.

And we are going to more than maintain our own production as well.

Because you, and you and you, like the true patriots you are, are going to rake out every ounce of rubber you can spare.

An old gum-boot or golosh. Rubber erasers. Old tyres. Old macs. Old rubber punafors. Anything containing rubber—either a little or a lot.

Maybe you can only supply rubber for one of those all-important hot water bottles. Maybe you and the people of your street can make yourself responsible for equipping a new tank-for-Russia with its rubber.

Start now. If your local authority has supplied receptacles for collecting the material, so much the better.

If not, bundle it separate from your other waste and give it to the dustman—a valuable contribution towards victory.

HAROLD A. ALBERT takes you this week into the Mediterranean where our submarines have long since made a mockery of Mussolini's boast that it is an Italian Lake. In doing it they have had some miraculous escapes, and the Parthian was



For hour after hour the storm of depth-charges, now near, now far, continued unabated

THE Mediterranean is an Italian lake!" The Duce flung this typical piece of braggadocio at his applauding yes-men amid drilled cheers and stage-managed enthusiasm.

And this is the story of how Commander M. G. Rimington of the *Parthian*—and some others—hurled the boast back in his teeth.

It is the tale of a few submarines of the Alexandria base which panted on the leash until Italy stabbed France in the back... and then swiftly showed their mettle.

In the very first week after Mussolini entered the war, the *Parthian* insolently sidled on the self-same beat which was known to be a favourite with U-boats from Naples in sinking neutral shipping.

With the dull monotony of "Up periscope... Down periscope," through the long hours of sunny daylight, the *Parthian* allowed the neutrals to pass without question.

It was after dark, under the moon, that Rimington caught his first bird of the war—the chance he had been awaiting through eight months of boredom.

Dim against the sky, cigarettes cheekily glowing beneath the open hatch of the conning-tower, was the unmistakable outline of another submarine. An Eytie!

Saved Him the Trouble!

Rimington remembered the precedent of Bob Raikes, who once, when he discovered a surfaced German U-boat and watched a sailor dipping a bucket in the sea to wash his face, obligingly loosed a torpedo and saved him the trouble.

Quietly he gave his orders from the lens.

"Steer 300 degrees. Slow both. Stand by!"

The *Parthian's* torpedo sent the enemy submarine skidding to Hades in a shroud of smoke and flame.

And this was but the beginning.

Patrolling the Central Mediterranean next time out, Rimington brought his craft up to periscope depth and found himself watching a veritable cavalcade of cruisers and destroyers.

They were travelling so rapidly and were obviously so watchful that there was no time or opportunity to manoeuvre for position.

Rimington waited through the split seconds till the "readiness" signals flashed on all the torpedo tubes lights, stop-watched the closing angle upon the screen, and gave them his full force.

"Fire one! Fire two! Fire three! Fire four! Fire five!"

His seamen thought the flow would never cease. Before the final "torp."

CHASED BY DEE CEES FOR SIX HOURS

had left the ship, they felt the crash that told of the first in a bull's-eye.

Rimington felt the impact of the second explosion as he waited for the sea-pumpe to dance from his glass. Foundering, tilting, belching black smoke from her shattered plates, one of the cruisers sank low in the water.

The snag came when one of the destroyers began to make a bee-line back along the *Parthian's* torpedo tracks—still faintly visible.

The first depth-charge seemed to lift the submarine as if it had been a balloon.

The second smashed some of the valves of the radio.

The wireless officer waited a second and coolly reached for his spares.

The third smack of explosive—though "grinding through your very skull," as one of the boys assured me—was fainter.

Twisting on the bed of the ocean, the *Parthian* had eluded her pursuers.

Rimington was awarded the D.S.O.

While Italy's not inconsiderable under-sea fleet have scored no notable triumph, such British submarines as the *Parthian* and the *Rover*, the *Regent* and the *Ultimate* have captured the true supremacy of the Mediterranean.

One February day Rimington slipped

away from his base and made for Messina with orders to torpedo anything he could find there.

No Birthday Parties!

It meant running the gauntlet of mine-fields, risking pursuit by a navy of speed-boats, daring entanglement in the anti-submarine nets.

The *Parthian* poked her nose past Cape Spartivento without being seen by the shore batteries. The men made bets on the sequence of forthcoming thrills.

Then the Italians presented them with success on a plate.

Just inside the dreaded, guarded Straits, Rimington raised his periscope and spotted a convoy of three large merchantmen protected by the queerest looking sloop he'd ever seen.

The first, a 6,000-tonner, the second a 10,000-ton tanker, the convoy was so staggered in formation that it literally played into his hands.

Between the first and second was a mere chink of daylight. Drawing a bead on them, Rimington again took no chances.

Off went the first delivery, and he counted on his stop-watch. Off went the second, and Rimington's quick 'scope

squint just gave him time to see the first tin fish passing close ahead and astern of the escort vessel before he crash-dived to the sea-bed.

Two Certain Kills

Through the blue depths came the metallic explosion and the deep rumble of wreckage that told of two certain kills.

But then came the depth-charges...

Even while they rained down in a torrent that smashed every breakable item in the submarine, Rimington's alert ears could count the explosions that told of further torpedoes striking home.

The first storm of counter H.E.s was bad enough. Twenty minutes later, however, the *Parthian's* ordeal toughened. Through the Straits rushed anti-submarine craft from every anchorage for miles.

The tumult in the hydrophones told of waters alive with craft. And hour after hour the storm of depth-charges, now near, now far, continued unabated.

The *Parthian* was able to move forward only in swift fits and starts lest her engines should be detected. Several times she bumped bottom violently, but the risk of opening up her plates had to be faced.

"Not a Dee Cee nearer than a thousand yards astern," laughed Rimington when he came safely home.

But his log-book showed the truth. For six hours the pursuing explosives had never faltered. For six hours the adventures of the *Parthian* had lived through hell.

Triangles Can Be Broken

IT is often said that the seventh year of married life is the most critical. The couple have settled down to a regular routine and take each other for granted. They know each other's failings, and may even be a trifle bored by their virtues.

The danger is obvious: either of them may be carried away by some foolish infatuation.

A man of thirty-two tells me how he fell for a girl of eighteen who was working in the same shop:

We saw each other one or two nights a week, and the affair went on for some months. I realised I was a rotter, and suffered agonies of conscience at times. I also realised that I loved my wife ten million times more than any other girl.

I told the girl the truth, and she immediately went to my home and told my wife everything. She was naturally very upset, but in the end she forgave me and we took a vow to lead a happy married life no matter what befell us in future.

For four months we were blissfully happy. I adored her, my home, and our six-year-old daughter. Then something happened.

We met some refugees, charming men, and my wife promptly fell in love with one of them. She has been out with him every week since. She tells me she is absolutely in love with him and that she has no love left for me. In fact, she hates me. I have done my utmost to shut my eyes to the affair, but there have been quarrels about it. She says she will go on loving this man for the rest of her life.

But I still love her intensely and will never give her her freedom. I tackled the man and asked him to make an end of the affair, but he refused.

Well, sir, that is my problem. I am worried about what effect this will have

if only we would really try to understand the other person's point of view, many domestic tragedies could be quietly solved

Says HUMANIST

on my little daughter, and there is the fear that my love for my wife may eventually turn to hate. That is why I want your advice. What shall I do?

What can the man do? He declines to seek a divorce, and a legal separation would not help any of them. He does not want to punish his wife, but to win her back.

The wife is strongly infatuated. She says it will last for ever, but no doubt she thought the same about her love for her husband. My own candid opinion is that the affair will soon be over.

"Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short," says the poet. The fiercer the storm, the sooner it blows itself out. The man will have to exercise patience. He knows from his own experience how these madnesses begin. He is in a position to understand, and when one understands it is easier to forgive.

Scores of my readers—women as well as men—have had to face this kind of problem, and I would offer the same advice to all: Try to understand what has happened. One must diagnose before prescribing a remedy.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week *HUMANIST* tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

The writer of the letter is right in feeling anxious about his little girl. When parents are at loggerheads the children always suffer. The workers in our clinics for difficult boys and girls generally discover that the evil influence starts in the home—parents who are divorced, separated, or perpetually quarrelling.

If adults must have differences of opinion, the least they can do is to wait till the children are out of hearing.

THE next letter comes from a man who holds strong opinions about alcoholic liquors:

My niece reached her twenty-first birthday recently, and the family arranged a jollification party at which I was present. At least, I was present for the first part of the time. In the middle of the evening, however, I was surprised and disgusted to see her father walk into the room bearing a tray with bottles and glasses.

I knew that he imbibed occasionally, but as an ardent temperance worker I felt it was my duty to make a stand for the cause. To my mind the celebration of a birthday by drinking wine and spirits is detestable, and it strikes me as wrong that a young girl's attaining womanhood should be dishonoured by making her drink the stuff.

And they call this "drinking to her health!"

I felt I could not countenance such behaviour, and made my escape as a protest. My brother (the girl's father) is resentful, and has written a most unpleasant letter accusing me of bad manners.

I put it to you, *Humanist*, that in a case like this the so-called "bad manners" are justified. If I had known that drink was to be served I should not have accepted the invitation. In the circumstances, there was nothing else I could do but to walk out.

YOU are a soldier. You have been ordered to fix your bayonet. You have been ordered to charge.

Before you, you see a man who is frantically grovelling towards his pocket.

Maybe he seeks a picture of his family, to impress on you the need for mercy. Maybe he seeks a hand-grenade or a revolver.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

The problem is dealt with in a letter to Mrs. A. James, 49, Paul Street, Cotham, Bristol, from a brother-in-law in Libya. Read it, then decide what YOU would have done:

As I charged, a Jerry officer in my path threw up his hands.

I swept on. But as I did so I noticed his hand reach towards his offside pocket.

He was just within reach. I turned and bayoneted him.

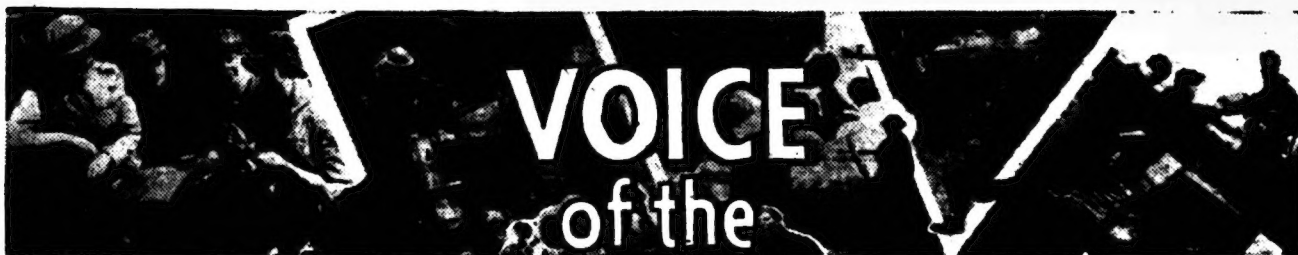
I was tormented. Had he been reaching for a hidden weapon, or had I killed a defenceless man?

When the detachment had been rounded up I went back and investigated. The offside pocket contained a revolver, fully loaded.

WHAT PRICE SUNSHINE!

And from Leading Aircraftman W. A. Richmond, writing from the East to Mr. D. Lambert, of 31, Hawthorn Road, Ribblesdale, Preston, comes:

After twelve months of this sun, all I ask is to have a week with you all in pouring rain. It would be bliss.



DREAMS OF HOME

Yes, our men dream dreams out in the Libyan desert. What are they thinking, when Rommel isn't keeping them fully occupied?

Private A. Hill (7371389), of the R.A.M.C., tells in a letter to Miss N. Chapman, of Medway Street, Leicester:

The sun is sinking. The worst of our day's work is over. This is the time when our thoughts turn to home. And we find ourselves looking forward to the day when war will be an evil dream.

I know it was said last time that "this is but a cleansing fire"—but you will admit the world was left better in many ways. There was more comradeship, more hatred of the things that tend to destroy.

What will this war give us? Better housing, education, medical services, facilities for leisure, and a hundred other things? An end to unemployment? It will if we tackle it in a New England spirit. But there. During the beautiful compensations of sunset and sunrise, our pens are apt to run away with us.

DANDIES IN UNIFORM

Italian civilians still remain in the territories we have conquered in Africa.

A letter to Mr. H. Westwood, of Worrall Road, Sheffield, from his son, Private Maurice Westwood, R.A.S.C., says:

Went to an Italian barber, who promptly gave me a German haircut, making me look like a convict. Then he proceeded to dab six different liquids into my hair, rubbing them all in.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

LET men who served in the last war, and who are being called up again, have the right to go back to their old "mobs" if they want.—J. L. Aylestone, Leicester. (Few get the chance, according to letters we receive.—EDITOR.)

Men came to requisition the railings of a near-by neighbour, smashed the coping with heavy hammers in tearing it away, said in reply to complaint: "That's all right. There's another gang coming along to put right the damage we do."—J. E. Perkins, 152, Ribblesdale Road, Streatham S.W.16.

Nonsense to take married women away from their children for war work (despite the nurseries) when there is a lot, such as balancing precision instruments, small filing, splicing cords for rifle pull-throughs, etc., they can do at home.—Vera Abbot, Porthkerry Avenue, Welling, Kent.

After three and a half hours in the small, badly ventilated surgery, crowded with coughing, sneezing, gasping, sniffing people, I am worse than when I went in. I don't blame the doctors. They are too overworked already to attend to such things.—Constance Green, Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

VOICE of the TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates—10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

After forty minutes of this treatment I smelt like a perfumery counter.

An Italian who came in had to have his moustache trimmed and stroked for ten minutes before he was satisfied with it. What people these are!

STRANGE JOURNEY

Would you like to travel 100 miles to have a toothache cured? Private W. Ozley has just made such a journey, which he describes in a letter to his family at Holland Road, Highfields, Sheffield, 2:

I was going crackers with the pain, so our M.O., having very limited facilities in the camp, made an appointment for three of us with a dentist at Murree, in Kashmir.

First our lorry was delayed three hours because the monsoons had filled up dried river beds. Then we had to make for a railway station 50 miles from the camp.

By train we went to Rawalpindi, where we had a night out with troops on leave there. Next day we set out in a "civvy"

bus, and, believe me, we never want another ride like that.

The coachwork looked centuries old. The seats had no springs. And all the time we travelled round mountains, with a sheer drop of thousands of feet on one side.

Anyhow, I had treatment that would have cost me five quid in England for nothing at all—and wonderfully well done.

GREAT UNTOLD STORY

Chief Petty Officer Arthur Galloway served on a naval auxiliary vessel that was sunk.

He was adrift on a lifeboat for 17 days before a German patrol boat found him. But, in a German prison camp, he finds it impossible to tell the full story of that tremendous ordeal.

To-day, fully recovered from a bad illness that followed, thanks to English prisoner-doctors whom the Germans allowed to attend him, he writes to his wife at 43, Warrington Crescent, W.9:

When I come back, I think I shall write a biography dealing with our last voyage, action, capture—and our life here since.

We have organised a very good theatrical party, which has played "Continental Cafe," "Dover Road," and "Maytime." I have been made officers' mess cook and caterer, and you would laugh at the puddings I make now. I am getting my weight back, but am still in battle dress (having lost his naval uniform during his sea ordeal).

NO REGRETS

Last of all, a letter from Leading Aircraftman R. Cahill to his wife at Brownhill Drive, Padgate:

What a break for me when I was detailed for my first "crash" guard.

I didn't know what machine had crashed, except that it was German, which had been shot down.

Actually it proved to be a Junkers 88. I stood over its smouldering remains as proudly as if I had brought it down myself.

For the first two hours I was too busy chasing souvenir-hunters away to see much for myself. Then I saw the scorched remains of the Nazi airmen.

I looked on the ominously empty bomb-rack, and then, although I searched my heart for pity, it wouldn't come.

PITY-SEEKERS

BEWARE of Pity Seekers. The Bully is one of these; he squeals and pleads for mercy when Retribution's Pincers squeeze. He offers back his stolen goods and vows that he will mend. He is the Super-Hypocrite and most dangerous to befriend.

BEWARE of ill-placed Pity. It puffs the heart with pride; it makes us feel good fellows and smugly satisfied. It leads to situations in which reason has no sphere, and those who trade on Pity mistake sympathy for Fear.

BEWARE of Pity Mongers, who in time of war abound, for when people want to do their best their Goodwill proves fertile ground, for the Sharper and the Twister—and the Greatest Bluff of All, will be when Hitler's Germany sends out the PITY CALL.

BUT Pity is something wiser than mere sentiment run wild, it's a Father's deep forgiveness for a sincerely repentant child. It is not to be rushed at lightly, it's a Medium Divine. God Listens to everyone who Prays, BUT NOT TO THOSE WHO WHINE. J.M.

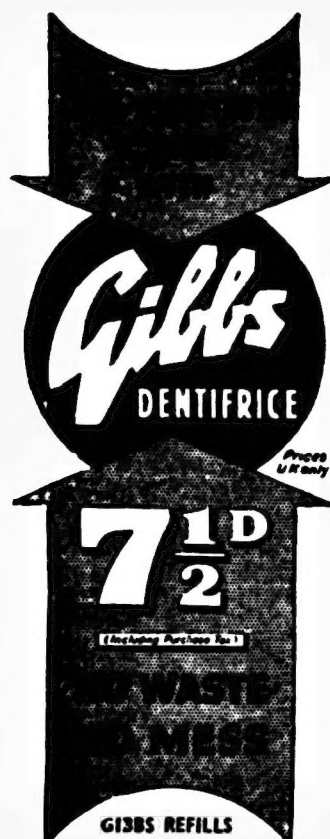


I have done my utmost to shut my eyes to the affair, but there have been quarrels about it

The man is trailing his cloak for me, but I decline to be drawn. There is one thing that might be said about the incident. He need not have marched out. He would have registered his protest quite effectually by refusing the glass of wine, and asking for a soft drink.

He may have helped the cause of temperance by his action—but I doubt it very much. In fact, I think he probably created the impression that waiters are difficult problems at a party. If he had remained, joined in the "fun," told a few stories, sung a song, and showed that a teetotaler can be an excellent companion who thoroughly enjoys life, he might have done something to make converts to his cause.

Let him show people that he is capable of being happy without artificial stimulants and he will do much to destroy the prejudices which at present exist. He will make friends instead of losing them.



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Carrot Hot-Pot

Wash and coarsely grate 6 carrots and 6 potatoes; mix with 2 tablespoons packet sage and onion. Make seasoning of 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, and, if possible, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 tablespoon brown sugar. Put half the vegetables in a stewpot, cover with half the seasoning, add rest of vegetables and rest of seasoning. No water required. Cover stewpot and bake very slowly for 2 hours. You'll have a dish very much out of the ordinary, for 3 or 4.

Cp

THE LAST LAUGH

F. F. (Colchester).—"Goebbels recently told German citizens that they should consider themselves fortunate, because they were not in Minsk and Kiev." Germans don't see it quite that way. After all, many of them are in Bremen and Hamburg.

V. S. (Manchester).—"Old gramophone needles are useful as salvage." We agree. Much better than using them to play old gramophone records on old gramophones.

C. T. (Grantham).—"This war can only be won by work, work, and yet more work." See letter below.

Mrs. T. (Grantham).—"My husband is very lazy and since he lost his job a year ago for bad time-keeping, he has done nothing but moon around the house with a novel or newspaper in his hand." See letter above.

G. N. (Watford).—"Goldfish do not like being kept in a room where food is cooked." The sinister association of fish and chips, perhaps.

E. Y. (Northampton).—"A Rome newspaper recently stated that Italy was faced with many enemies." This makes it awkward for Italy. So little chance of stabbing anybody in the back.

S. K. (Ilford).—"An animal-trainer claims that he has taught a dog to read." Very clever, of course. But we have long known of spelling bees, rabbits that multiply, and snakes that are adders.

B. N. (Hull).—"Everything I have I shall always hold." What about your breath?

George (Marlborough).—"Bright moonlight nights give me insomnia." Why don't you marry the girl?

K. J. (Newton Abbot).—"If the Germans pull down the Eiffel Tower, as they threaten to do, the metal will be used for munitions on the Eastern Front." And not, as members of the Gestapo in Paris hope, as steel waistcoats for black-out wear.

A. L. (Hampury).—"German leaders fear inflation." Judging by his photographs, it has never seemed to worry Goering.

E. O. (Waterbeach).—"All kinds of crockery are becoming scarce." This should make no difference to egg production. By now, patriotic hens know what is expected of them without the incentive of china decoys.

TRAVELLER (Mayfair).—"In South America I once saw a statue of a barber portrayed in red sandstone." In this country, such a colour is more characteristic of the barber's customer when the unveiling ceremony is performed by the removal of the hot towel.

S. S. (Wantage).—"Railway employees are trained in fire-fighting." As a season ticket-holder, we can state that for years they have had complete mastery over any sporadic outbreaks occurring in the waiting-room grate.

H. C. (Kennington).—"If you don't publish the enclosed article, I'll never buy another paper from you." If we did, we shouldn't sell another.

J. Y. (Llanfairfechan).—"He told me quite definitely that he had not judged me by my looks." And did you feel very much relieved?

GREATEST OF THESE

"I joined up in April, 1915, and served in the M.T.A.S.C. in France and Italy until 1919," writes Frederick Thomas. Until four years ago he worked for a transport company, but had to give up through asthma, bronchitis and heart trouble. Last year he was continually ill from January to August. He then worked in an engineer's shop three days a week, but was again compelled to give up through illness.

Mr. Thomas has three sons—one married and in the Army, a youth of nineteen passed for service, and a boy of fifteen. His daughter Margaret is tubercular, and always under medical treatment.

With little but an allowance from the Public Assistance and National Health Insurance, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are extremely worried over a debt of £3 4s. to their doctor, and rent arrears.

We are assured by his former employers that this applicant is a conscientious worker, of sober habits and in every way trustworthy.

Will you send what you can to lift the burden of debt from this deserving family? Donations earmarked "Trustworthy," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. A copy of the current week's subscription list will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1910, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What the 'ell are yer squawkin' about? Wait till yer get a Montoon!"

Side-Slips

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Example: WIN TO WIN
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810: W. Condon, Works Dept. Store, N.M. Dockyard, Rye.

Example: BASHFUL
Bulle: Against All Against Wall!
82: J. E. Kitchin, 64, Hasky Rd., Sandy Green, Stoke-on-Trent.

Example: WOMAN—GOLDENLY DOLLING MAN—MIND, BRITANNIA.
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85: M. Roberts, 11, Brampton Rd., West Melton, Rotherham.

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We Must Have—"No"—"Brother"—"Now, Brothers!"
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90: W. H. Thomas, 15, Derivay St., New Tredegar, Mon.

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91: A. C. Oman, "Clydevale," St. Mary's Lane, North Oxendon, Rotherham, Notts.

Behind The Scenes—"Henry, Your Male's" "Cashed!"
92: A. J. J. J., 52, Brimfield Road, Heston Chapel, Stockport.

Little Bit Of Salvage—Spent—"Stashed"—"Graded!"
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I feel quite young again.

"Phosferine is indeed splendid. I suffered with a nervous breakdown and depression—I tried several things to buck me up, but after taking Phosferine I feel ten years younger. I am 61 years old—my friends ask me what I have been taking as I have altered so much and I feel quite young again."

(Signed) Mrs. A. P. Hertford.



Ten drops or two tablets of Phosferine will drive away depression and help you take the rough with the smooth. Every additional dose will build up your reserves of physical and mental energy and so replace your loss of strength and vitality.

PHOSFERINE

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/4 & 3/3 only.
(Including Purchase Tax)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size, you save 2/-.

CHAPPED CRACKED HANDS! (Chilblains too)

Want to heal those poor cracked, chapped, work-scoured hands? Want to bring glorious relief to itching chilblains on hands and feet—to stop at once the itching and soreness of both? Get a Snowflake Healing Tablet—its amazing overnight effects are miraculous!



Fight FEVER with FENNINGS FEVER CURER

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
WRITE
ALFRED FENNINGS
COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT
for copy of EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR and EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK—Post free
ESTABLISHED 80 YEARS

£125 ALL-CASH OFFER FOR 'John Bull' X-WORD

PRIZE £100—Runners-up £25 CASH
For result of Xword No. 259, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES	Across every clue by entering letter in entry column.	Entry for Kel 3/3/5
1	STARE SOMETHING THINE THEY SHOULD BEHOLD THEIR OWN	R I L E S
2	RECENTLY FLOWING GIES ARE OFTEN DEPRESSIVE	I N S
3	THEATRELAND PRODUCE SHOULD CERTAINLY TAKE THE AUTO CONGRATULATION	C S T
4	EXPLANATION OF BOND OFTEN BEARS THINGS ARE	B U R T
5	UNUSUAL HISTORY WILL AS A RULE AVOID CARRY ONE WIDE DRIVERS	I N E
6	MONEY IS USUALLY SAVED BY HAVING THE	S A E
7	IT'S A MISTAKE TO THINK WHITE KID IS NECESSARILY SUPERIOR	B R E D
8	HOUSEWIVES PURCHASING MEAT MAY PERHAPS ASK FOR	L A N
9	IF BASTY DOESN'T GET THE RIGHT FOOD WE'LL BE LIKELY TO	R O W
10	SOME OF THOSE IN CHIEF ARE COMPARATIVELY EASY	R U E S
11	MOST OF SOAP CONSUMED BY DOMESTIC THINGS SHOULD BE SAVED	W A S I N G
12	EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS COULD NEVER BE REBUILT AS THIS	C O I C
13	SHEEP FARMER WILL VERY LIKELY HAVE SOME ON HIS PLACE	E N S
14	IT'S NATURAL ENLIGHTENED COUPLE SHOULD DO SO ON BEING ALONE	C O U T

FREE ENTRIES
Send in entries at rate of 3d. for each 3 columns submitted.
3 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.
Closing Postmark: **MON., FEB. 16.**

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."
P.O. Value..... No.....
Signed.....
Address.....
(No. 263)
CUT ROUND THIS LINE.

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES
1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullets received, and other prizes in order of merit, the best being chosen, optimum and originality. Second Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie.
2.—Cash Award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Rules in full, not printed.
3.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators.
4.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—4d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-price entry-fee if coupons personally completed and service rank indicated.
5.—Entries are only counted on the condition that results of this week's Contest, to appear in "John Bull" dated March 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 BULLETS

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH
SECOND PRIZE - £25 CASH
THIRD PRIZE - £10 CASH
FOURTH PRIZE - £5 CASH
FIFTH PRIZE - £2 CASH
SIXTH PRIZE - £1 CASH
SEVENTH PRIZE - 50p
EIGHTH PRIZE - 25p
NINTH PRIZE - 10p
TENTH PRIZE - 5p
FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY FEB. 27

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"
To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

THE BRITISH HUSH-HUSH POLICY FOR FREEDOM TO STOP THE ROT UNDER CONTROL TOMMY'S OPINION STUFF TO GIVE 'EM WON'T FIGHT SHOWS HE KNOWS STOKING AT NOTHING SO FAR MERRYHOMELY HAPPY HOME

SHOCK FOR THE GENERAL IN THE MONEY COST OF LIVING WHEN THE DANGER'S OVER WHEN THEY GOT GRAINS, BUT IF BAD RAN THE WAR ENJOYING THEMSELVES

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,307 appears on page 14

EXAMPLES

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

TWO FREE ENTRIES may be enclosed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 3d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."
Signed.....
Address.....
P.O. Value..... Closing Postmark: **1/31 MON., FEB. 16.**
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,311—of Xword No. 263, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.2 (Comp.).

BEAUTY

answers the call...



But... serving with "Ack-Ack" won't spoil that **Schoolgirl Complexion**

War need not make the slightest difference to your schoolgirl complexion if you remember—and act on!—this simple truth: Millions of women have proved for years that a daily bath with the rich, velvety, olive oil lather of Palmolive will keep you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



PALMOLIVE
3½d. including Tax

WASH-UP WITH OXYDOL

LIVELY LATHER



**OXYDOL
LIVELY
LATHER
WASHES-UP
QUICKER,
SAVES
YOU
MONEY!**

You can buy Oxydol everywhere: 7d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

DON'T LET HIM DIE BEFORE HIS TIME

You'd miss that dog of yours? Of course you would—he's one of the family. In his eyes, you're the proudest person on earth. He'd leave a palace to live in a hut with you. Don't let him die before his time. See him through to healthy, happy old age by treating him to a Karwood Dog Powder twice a week. 81 out of every 100 Dog Experts give their valuable pedigree dogs "Karwoods." It's not a fad. They don't do it for fun. They know! Cost? Just over a penny a week! Get Karwood Dog Powders in 7d. and 1/11d. packets (inc. tax) from Corn Dealers and Chemists.



JILPS

CURE COUGHS, COLDS AND SORE THROATS

Menthol, Eucalyptus and Glucose are among the many health-protecting ingredients contained in Jilps, all highly recommended by doctors. Buy Jilps whenever you can, supplies are restricted these days.

Made by the Devonshire Confectionery Co. Ltd., Eastbourne



Are You Keeping **SLIM & FIT** These Days

Splendid all-round health—a grand asset to-day—is experienced by all who make it a rule to take Bile Beans regularly at bedtime. These fine vegetable pills not only tone up the system and ensure healthy regularity, but also improve your figure, complexion and your vitality. Colds and chills need not trouble you; you'll experience the rich glow of winter fitness if you depend upon Bile Beans—just a couple each night.

BILE BEANS

Sorry!
NO MORE
CADBURY'S MILK
CHOCOLATE

It is some time since Cadburys had milk for their chocolate, and their supplies of Milk Chocolate are now exhausted. So Milk Chocolate, for the moment, must say GOODBYE



Half a million pints a day of milk used to go into Cadburys' Milk Chocolate. Now it is part of your weekly ration.

ISSUED BY
CADBURY'S
FROM BOURNVILLE—THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Harry was a gloomy bloke Now he's first to make a joke

(Based on a letter recently received)

Harry was so nervous and irritable, he felt he needed a tonic. But what he needed most was **IRON**. "I had been nervous and irritable for a long time," he writes, "and had tried nearly every tonic on the market. Then," he says, "I bought a tin of **IRON JELLOIDS**."

"Soon I felt and looked a new man, full of energy and pep. My friends cannot believe the difference from a nervy, irritable disposition to laughter and confidence. In times like these it is essential to keep going and I shall certainly continue the treatment."

The cause of Harry's nervous debility and irritability was iron starvation, as his striking recovery through taking **IRON JELLOIDS** clearly proved. Iron starvation strikes at the very foundation of a man's health and vitality. It impoverishes the blood (anemia), and reduces his power to absorb life-giving oxygen from the air. It lowers metabolism and disturbs the nutrition of the vital organs and the nervous system. If you feel nervy, depressed, run-down, start taking **IRON JELLOIDS** with your next meal. You'll soon begin to feel better every day, in every way.

Iron Jelloids

For MEN: No. 2A (containing 10 grains of iron) For WOMEN: No. 2B (containing 5 grains of iron)

make you feel better every day, in every way

Of all chemists and stores: 1/4 (including Purchase Tax)

Send postcard for FREE BOOK entitled "Iron—The Thief of Health and Strength." Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron Starvation—Women's Weakness—How Young Girls Suffer—The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Bitter—How my Family Flourished—The Iron-starved Man—The Iron-starved Child—etc. Address your postcard to The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., (Dept. 2726) 5, Watford, Herts.

The word "Jelloids" is a registered trade mark